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THE HOTTENTOT

By VICTOR MAPES and WILLIAM COLLIER



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
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The Hottentot

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BY

VICTOR MAPES AND WILLIAM COLLIER

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The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "THE HOTTENTOT" at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, March 1, 1920:

SAM H. HARRIS

Presents

THE HOTTENTOT

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

By

VICTOR MAPES AND WILLIAM COLLIER

(Staged under the direction of SAM FORREST)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they first appear)

CELISE	<i>Dorie Sawyer</i>
OLLIE GILFORD	<i>Frederick Karr</i>
MRS. OLLIE GILFORD (MAY)	<i>Helen Walcott</i>
SWIFT	<i>Donald Meek</i>
ALEC FAIRFAX	<i>Arthur Howard</i>
MRS. CHADWICK	<i>Ann Andrews</i>
PEGGY FAIRFAX	<i>Frances Carson</i>
LARRY GILFORD	<i>Calvin Thomas</i>
PERKINS	<i>Edwin Taylor</i>
SAM HARRINGTON	<i>William Collier</i>
CAPT. REGGIE TOWNSEND.....	<i>Howard Hull Gibson</i>

SCENES

ACT I. *The living-room of the Gilford's country home. Morning.*

ACT II. *The same. Evening.*

ACT III. *A hillside clearing. The following day.*

The action takes place in a fashionable hunting community near New York City.

THE HOTTENTOT

A FARCE

By

VICTOR MAPES AND WILLIAM COLLIER

*First Performance,
January 12th, 1920,
Apollo Theatre,
Atlantic City, N. J.*

The Hottentot

ACT I.

SCENE: *The living-room of the GILFORD'S country home. Morning.*

AT RISE: CELISE, *the maid*, enters up R. with mail.
OLLIE GILFORD enters through French window up C.

OLLIE. Any mail for me, Celise?

CELISE. Oui, Monsieur. (*Gives him two letters.*)

OLLIE. Thanks.

CELISE. And one for Madam. (*Gives him another letter.*)

OLLIE. Oh. (*Takes letter, goes L. to stairway and calls.*) May, here's a letter for you.

MAY. (*Speaking from top of stairs*) Thanks, Ollie.

(*She comes down the stairs, OLLIE gives her the letter, she crosses down L. and sits, reading.*)

SWIFT, *the butler*, enters up R. Crosses to CELISE.)

SWIFT. Any mail for me, Celise?

CELISE. I am not a letter-carrier.

SWIFT. You have the mail there, haven't you?

CELISE. Oui, but I do not deliver mail to servants.

SWIFT. Servants?

CELISE. Oui, servants! (*Snaps her fingers in his face. He glares at her and snaps his fingers in her face.*) J'en ai assez de vous. Alors fische moi le camp et laissez-moi faire.

SWIFT. How dare you. (*To OLLIE.*) Did you hear that, sir, did——

MAY. Swift, will you please stop your quarreling. (*To CELISE.*) Celise, that will do.

CELISE. (*Glares at SWIFT.*) Huh!

SWIFT. (*Mimics her*) Huh!

OLLIE. Swift, stop quarreling! (*CELISE exits up R.*)

SWIFT. Yes, sir. And pardon me, Mr. Gilford, but if you're going to run this house the first half of the week as a dwelling, and the last half as a hotel, might I suggest that you get a porter.

OLLIE. A porter?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

OLLIE. To help you do the work?

SWIFT. Not to help. To *do* it.

OLLIE. (*Humoring him*) I'll think over your suggestion.

SWIFT. I would if I were you.

(*He exits up R. ALEC FAIRFAX enters up C. He is dressed in riding clothes.*)

ALEC. Good morning, May, Ollie. (*Crosses down R. and puts hat, gloves and riding crop on divan.*)

OLLIE. Have a nice ride, Alec?

ALEC. Yes, great.

OLLIE. (*Rises and goes C.*) Has your friend Mr. Harrington arrived yet?

ALEC. (*Crossing to OLLIE*) He's not my friend, he's Mrs. Chadwick's friend. He doesn't arrive until dinner time.

OLLIE. Oh.

ALEC. And why did you switch him off on me, why do I have to put Mr. Harrington up at my place?

OLLIE. Every room in the house is occupied.

(*They go up c. SWIFT enters up R., goes to outside door, opens it and admits MRS. CHADWICK. Comes down and announces her.*)

SWIFT. Mrs. Chadwick. (*Exits up R.*)

MAY. Hello, Carol.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing to MAY with outstretched hands*) Well, May, here I am; it is good to see you again.

OLLIE. (*Comes down c.*) Carol.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Turns to him, gives him both her hands*) Ollie. And how is the handsome gentleman farmer?

ALEC. (*Crossing down L. of table*) Handsome gentleman farmer?

OLLIE. (*Over his shoulder to ALEC*) Yes, that's what she said. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) I'm fine. And you, you're more beautiful than ever.

MRS. CHADWICK. Isn't he priceless?

OLLIE. If I were twenty years younger, and had a little more hair——

MAY. Yes, and even then you wouldn't be right. (*All laugh. OLLIE exits up the stairs L.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Notices ALEC for the first time*) And Alec.

ALEC. It's my turn now.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing to him*) You darling boy.

ALEC. Carol. (*Sighs, kisses both her hands.*)

THE HOTTENTOT

MRS. CHADWICK. (*To OLLIE and MAY*) Isn't he poisonous? (*To ALEC.*) I could hardly wait to—— (*Her manner changes as thought strikes her.*) What in the world are you doing here—what about your guest, Sam Harrington?

ALEC. Well, what about him?

MRS. CHADWICK. He was taking the nine o'clock train, it must be here now.

ALEC. It is here, but you told me he'd be out for dinner.

MRS. CHADWICK. Did I?

ALEC. Yes, you did.

MRS. CHADWICK. Call up the house and see if he's come.

ALEC. Why, of course. (*Goes to table R. and picks up phone.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Isn't it poisonous the way I forget things?

ALEC. (*In phone*) Hello, give me 137 please.

OLLIE. Did you have a nice run out?

MRS. CHADWICK. Gorgeous, perfectly gorgeous; in my new car. Have you seen my new town car?

OLLIE. No.

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, my dear, a divine color, mauve; with the sweetest wheels. An hour and ten minutes from town, and only arrested twice. The most gorgeous policeman, so it didn't cost me a cent. Not bad, was it?

MAY. Bad? Great!

ALEC. (*In phone*) Hello, Parker? Have you had any word from Mr. Harrington? What, he's been there half an hour? Put him on. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) Mr. Harrington's been at my house for half an hour. (*In phone.*) Hello, Mr. Harrington? This is Alec Fairfax speaking, I must apologize for not being there, but I didn't know you were coming so early. Well, why don't you come over here to my sister's, Mrs. Gilford's, it's

only a few minutes' ride from there? Yes, we're all waiting, Mrs. Gilford, Mrs. Chadwick. Yes, Miss Fairfax is waiting too. What? You'd like to see Miss Fairfax again? Well, come over then.

MAY. Does Peggy know Mr. Harrington?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, yes. I introduced them out west.

(She crosses R. and stands at ALEC's elbow, trying to hear what SAM is saying over the phone.)

ALEC. *(In phone)* Yes, I know, but listen. Perkins, my groom, will fix you out with some of my riding clothes and—— *(Pause. Laughs. Turns to MRS. CHADWICK.)* He says he doesn't want the riding clothes, he wants to know if I have a walking suit, he's in a hurry. *(In phone.)* Now listen, Perkins will come over with you. Now jump on one of my horses and——

MRS. CHADWICK. *(Snatches phone from ALEC's hand)* Is that you, Sam? Hello, Sammie, this is Carol. I'm awfully sorry this happened, but I told Alec that you were coming out this morning, and he thought I said afternoon. *(To ALEC.)* Didn't you, Alec? *(Before he can answer she imitates his voice in phone.)* Yes! *(Continues in her natural voice.)* Do you mind, very much? Yes, but can't you amble gently over? I can't explain now, but please do as you're told—for my sake?—that's simply priceless of you. Thanks. *(Hangs up, gives a sigh of relief.)* There, that's over. *(Crosses to c.)*

ALEC. *(Crossing to her)* Carol, what sort of a chap is this Harrington? Is he a regular guy, or is he one of those dancing tea hounds?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why, he's a wonderful chap. He dances of course; but he's crazy about horses, and just mad about steeplechasing. *(Turns and goes up L.)* Come on, May, I want to powder my

nose, I must look a sight. Same room I suppose?

MAY. (*Rises and follows*) Yes, dear, I always save that room for you. Etc., etc.

(MRS. CHADWICK and MAY exit L., talking ad lib.

OLLIE enters down the stairs. PEGGY FAIRFAX and LARRY CRAWFORD enter up C. laughing and talking ad lib. Both are dressed in riding clothes. A general greeting from all.)

OLLIE. Have a nice ride, folks?

PEGGY. Wonderful.

LARRY. Great.

PEGGY. Has Mr. Harrington arrived yet?

ALEC. No, not yet.

PEGGY. Well, who's going to win the big race tomorrow?

ALEC. I am.

LARRY. Yes you are.

ALEC. Yes I am, on my horse Niblic.

(All laugh, OLLIE and ALEC stroll up C. and stand just outside window talking in Pantomime.)

PEGGY. Well, who is going to win it?

LARRY. I know who could win it.

PEGGY. Who?

LARRY. Your horse Bountiful—if you'd let me ride her.

PEGGY. No, I don't think I'll enter Bountiful tomorrow.

LARRY. Well, you'd like to win this race, wouldn't you?

PEGGY. Win, who wouldn't? It's one of the things I've always dreamed about, to see my own horse, and my own colors, come sailing in at the head of the field.

LARRY. Then why not let me ride Bountiful?

PEGGY. Well, in the first place, a steeplechase is a very dangerous game, for both man and beast.

LARRY. Oh, I've ridden dozens of them.

PEGGY. Oh, I'll admit you're a splendid rider, but there's always a chance of an accident, and my horse might get hurt.

LARRY. "Your horse might get hurt"? (*Laughingly.*) I suppose it makes no difference if I break a leg?

PEGGY. (*Laughing*) Oh, I didn't mean that, Larry. (*Seriously.*) But suppose I did start Bountiful, and she should get badly beaten?

LARRY. No, that's only a stall too.

PEGGY. No, it's a reason.

LARRY. Now you're not going to pretend——

PEGGY. I'm not pretending anything.

LARRY. Well, then why should I? Now, Peggy, you know how very, very fond I am of you—I've told you. You've asked me to wait, and I've waited. You've held me off, and I've accepted it without a murmur, but there is—a limit to all things.

PEGGY. Please, Larry, I don't want to listen to that now.

LARRY. But you must listen.

PEGGY. (*Indignantly*) *Must?*

LARRY. Well, I mean, I'd like you to listen.

PEGGY. Well, that's better. (*Turns and crosses up L. to stairway.*) You'll pardon me won't you, Larry, I'm going to change, I won't be long. (*She exits up the stairs. MRS. CHADWICK enters up L., followed by MAY, who crosses down L. and sits.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Stops short when she sees him, puts her hand over her heart*) Larry.

LARRY. Carol.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing to him*) Now my day is complete.

LARRY. (*Taking her hand and kissing it*) And

this is the happiest moment of my life. (*OLLIE crosses down R.C. ALEC crosses down L.C.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Isn't he priceless.

LARRY. And now for my most unhappy one, I must leave you. (*Kisses her hand.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, go on, you darned old flatterer.

LARRY. Flatterer? Can one flatter the stars, or the moon, or——

MAY. Now wouldn't that make you sick?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Over her shoulder to MAY*) Not me, I love it. (*To LARRY.*) Go on.

LARRY. That's all there is, there isn't any more. (*Crosses over R. and sits on down-stage arm of divan.*)

OLLIE. Alec, how about your new purchase, the Hottentot?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing L.*) The Hottentot? What a funny name? Is it a car?

OLLIE. No, it's a horse. (*MRS. CHADWICK sits beside MAY down L.*)

ALEC. Don't ask me anything about the Hottentot, he's terrible.

OLLIE. What's the matter, can't he jump?

ALEC. Jump? He can jump anything, from a barn door to a church steeple. The more difficult it is, the more he seems to enjoy it. And speed, say, when the Hottentot gets the bit in his teeth and settles down to business—nobody can hold him.

LARRY. Have you been on him?

ALEC. Yes, I was on him, but I wasn't on him very long. I tried it yesterday and at the end of three miles I had to run him into a farmhouse. It took five of us to get him back in his stall.

OLLIE. (*Goes up R. Calls off*) Swift!

LARRY. Are you going to enter him in the steeple-chase to-morrow?

ALEC. (*Crossing down R. to LARRY*) I'll enter him if you'll ride him.

LARRY. Oh, no. Not me.

(*LARRY and ALEC talk in Pantomime. SWIFT enters up R.*)

SWIFT. Did you call, sir?

OLLIE. Yes, tell Briggs to bring the car for me.

SWIFT. Briggs has gone to the station for the luggage.

OLLIE. What luggage?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why the rest of my luggage.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. Only *nine* trunks.

OLLIE. Swift.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*He exits up R.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. You can take my car.

OLLIE. Thanks.

MAY. And take Alec.

MRS. CHADWICK. And Larry.

OLLIE. Take them where?

MAY. Wherever you're going. Can't you see we want to be alone?

OLLIE. (*To ALEC and LARRY*) Sounds like a hint.

ALEC. (*Crossing up c.*) Sounds like a hint?

LARRY. (*Taking hat and riding crop from table and crossing up c.*) She'd have to write it to make it any plainer than that.

(*OLLIE, ALEC and LARRY exit up c. talking ad lib.*

MRS CHADWICK rises and follows them up, laughing and kidding with LARRY. When they are gone she turns to MAY, her manner changes and she shows that she is badly worried about something.)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing down L.*) May, I'm

afraid I've put my foot in it again, it's about Sam Harrington.

MAY. You haven't married him?

MRS. CHADWICK. Married him? No. This is serious.

MAY. Well, what is it?

MRS. CHADWICK. He's coming here under false pretences, and it's all my fault. Why do I do it, why do I always say the easiest thing, May; why am I a liar?

MAY. I don't know. What have you done?

MRS. CHADWICK. Will you give me your word you won't tell?

MAY. Of course.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Sits beside MAY on settee*) Well, when Peggy was visiting me in California last month I introduced her to Sam Harrington, and she jumped to the conclusion that he was a great rider.

MAY. Why should she do that?

MRS. CHADWICK. Because there is another Sam Harrington out there who is a great rider, and she confused him with the Sam Harrington who's coming here.

MAY. Well, couldn't she tell by talking to him?

MRS. CHADWICK. She could, I suppose, but she just didn't. She only saw Sam once. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight, then you know her aunt was taken sick and she had to return to the east.

MAY. Why didn't you tell Peggy?

MRS. CHADWICK. I never thought she'd see Sam again, and as it seemed to please her to think he was a great rider—I let her think so.

MAY. Then your Sam Harrington doesn't ride at all?

MRS. CHADWICK. No! He's scared to death of horses.

MAY. Then, Carol, why did you tell Alec he was fond of horses?

MRS. CHADWICK. You know Alec can't see anybody who doesn't care for horses, and as Sam is going to be Alec's guest, I wanted Alec to like him.

MAY. Well, there's no particular harm done.

MRS. CHADWICK. No harm? Did you hear Alec tell him to jump on a horse and ride over?

MAY. But he doesn't have to ride over.

MRS. CHADWICK. But he will. He's too good a sport to object to anything, but if Sam Harrington gets on a horse I dread to think of the consequences.

(SWIFT enters up R., followed by PERKINS, the groom, who remains in hallway while SWIFT announces him.)

SWIFT. Pardon, mam, may your brother's groom speak to you?

MAY. Yes, certainly.

SWIFT. *(Calls over his shoulder)* Perkins.
(PERKINS enters the room, SWIFT goes down R. to divan and arranges pillows.)

MAY. What is it, Perkins?

PERKINS. *(Crossing down c.)* I beg pardon, mam, is Mr. Harrington here?

MAY. No, not yet.

PERKINS. He hasn't been here at all?

MAY. No.

PERKINS. But he was coming here.

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

PERKINS. Possibly I'll find him at the stable. I tried to keep up with him but he got away from me.
(Starts up R.)

MRS. CHADWICK. *(Jumps to her feet and goes to him)* Got away from you? What do you mean? What happened?

PERKINS. Why, mam, he started out ahead on his horse——

MRS. CHADWICK. On his horse!

PERKINS. Yes, and I expected he'd take it easy till I should overtake him. No sooner does I get on my horse than I hears the clatter of hoofs, and away they goes streaking up the road to the gate.

MRS. CHADWICK. Mercy!

MAY. What then?

PERKINS. When I gets up to the gate there ain't nothing in sight, but I followed the Hottentot——

MRS. CHADWICK. *The Hottentot!*

PERKINS. Yes, the Hottentot. That's the horse Mr. Harrington was riding.

MAY. (*Rises and goes to him*) In heaven's name why did you give him the Hottentot?

PERKINS. Why, mam, I thought seeing Mr. Harrington was such a great rider——

MRS. CHADWICK. You see, May. Oh!

MAY. Who told you Mr. Harrington was a great rider?

PERKINS. Mr. Alec. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) He said you told him.

MRS. CHADWICK. Never mind that. May, I'm dying. Go on.

PERKINS. Well, I followed the Hottentot down the lane——

MAY. Down the lane? You don't mean the lane with the high garden wall, and the spikes on it?

PERKINS. Yes, some jump that.

MAY. *Jump?*

PERKINS. Yes, Mr. Harrington jumped him over the wall.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Reels, half fainting*) Are you sure?

PERKINS. Sure? Why, I saw him myself, and he went over as easy as if he was sitting in a rocking-chair.

MAY. Then what?

PERKINS. I rode round to the other side of the wall, but I couldn't find Mr. Harrington or the Hottentot.

MAY. Perkins, go and find Mr. Gilford and bring him here as soon as you can.

PERKINS. Yes, mam. (*He exits up c.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Goes up c. with PERKINS, pushing him off*) And hurry! (*Nervous and almost hysterical, paces up and down.*) Why did I tell him to get on that horse? I've killed him, that's what I've done. I've killed him. (*Rushes to table and picks up phone.*) I must telephone!

MAY. Who are you phoning to?

MRS. CHADWICK. I don't know! (*Puts down phone.*) I'm so nervous I don't know what I'm doing! (*Runs off up L. talking ad lib.*)

MAY. (*Very much upset and pacing back and forth. Turns and sees SWIFT standing above table*) Swift, don't stand there like a dunce!

SWIFT. (*Nervous also. Crosses to c.*) No, mam. Where shall I stand?

MAY. Don't stand anywhere!

SWIFT. (*Crossing down R.*) Just move up and down.

MAY. Yes.

SWIFT. Yes.

MAY. No!

SWIFT. No.

MAY. Go and get the medicine chest!

SWIFT. The big medicine chest?

MAY. Yes, the big one. (*SWIFT starts up R.*) And get the liniment! (*SWIFT stops, starts to go L.*) And some bandages!

SWIFT. With mustard, mam?

MAY. Mustard? On bandages?

SWIFT. Oh, bandages. I thought you said sandwiches.

THE HOTTENTOT

MAY. No. bandages! (*Crosses up L.*)

SWIFT. Yes, mam, I understand, bandages.

(*He exits up R. MAY exits up L. talking ad lib. After a slight pause SAM HARRINGTON enters through window up C. He is dressed in riding clothes. He is covered with dirt, has a long tear in the right leg of his breeches, his derby hat is broken, and his collar and tie are awry. He carries a horse's bridle in one hand, and in the other a whisp of horse's mane. He comes down C., looks about, puts bridle on chair L. of table. Feels his shoulder and shows that it pains him. Discovers tear in his breeches, turns and goes out through window up C. Stands just outside window looking about. SWIFT enters up R. with bottle of liniment, goes to table, puts bottle down, and pours himself a drink of whiskey from decanter on table. He is about to drink it when SAM re-enters and stands watching him.*)

SWIFT. (*Feels someone watching him, turns, sees SAM*) Are you Mr. Harrington? (*SAM nods.*) Have an accident, sir?

SAM. No, thanks, I just had one.

SWIFT. Well, sir, is there anything I can do for you?

SAM. Yes. Tell me, please, whose house is this?

SWIFT. Whose house?

SAM. Yes. Don't you know?

SWIFT. Why, yes, sir, I know.

SAM. But it's a secret. You won't tell me.

SWIFT. Why, no, sir. This is Mr. Gilford's house. Mr. Oliver Gilford.

SAM. That's fortunate.

SWIFT. And I'm Swift.

SAM. So's the Hottentot.

SWIFT. We were all very much frightened.

SAM. (*Crosses down L. and sits*) Yes, all of us.

SWIFT. Perkins told us of your wonderful ride, and how you jumped the Hottentot over the wall. He said you went over as easily as though you were sitting in a rocking-chair, and that when he rode around to the other side of the wall neither you or the Hottentot were in sight.

SAM. We hadn't come down yet.

SWIFT. We were fearfully alarmed, sir, we all thought you were dead.

SAM. (*Rising and crossing to SWIFT*) Not dead, dying.

SWIFT. Dying?

SAM. (*Pointing to drink that SWIFT still holds in his hand*) For that.

SWIFT. Oh. (*Gives him the drink.*) We were terribly anxious, sir; this liniment was for you. (*Holds up bottle.*)

SAM. (*Drinks*) It's some liniment.

SWIFT. No, sir—this is the liniment. That's very fine Scotch; White Horse Cellar.

SAM. (*Hands SWIFT the glass*) I'm not particularly fond of Scotch.

SWIFT. We have some excellent rye.

SAM. That's better.

SWIFT. You won't have a drink?

SAM. Who won't?

SWIFT. I mean—will you?

SAM. Yes. (*Notices horse's mane for the first time, it is tangled up in the fingers of his left hand. He pulls it off and throws it to SWIFT, who catches it.*) Here!

SWIFT. (*Holding it up*) Why, Mr. Harrington, it's part of a horse's mane.

SAM. Yes, it came out when he stopped.

SWIFT. What shall I do with it, sir?

SAM. Put it back on the horse. I don't care what you do with it.

SWIFT. (*Picks up bridle from chair*) Shall I take this too?

SAM. Yes, that came off too.

SWIFT. Came off?

SAM. Yes, all three of us came off together.

SWIFT. I'll get the rye.

(*Takes tray with decanter, siphon, and glasses; bottle of liniment, bridle, and horse's mane, and exits up R. Long business for SAM—feels tooth, takes cigar from pocket, it is broken and falls to pieces. He takes cigarette from humidior on table and lights it. Takes watch from pocket, looks at it, shakes it, holds it to his ear, shakes it again, sighs and puts it back in pocket. SWIFT re-enters up R. with a decanter of rye and whiskey glass on small tray. Goes to table, puts tray down and starts to pour SAM's drink. He pours a "gentleman's drink" and waits for SAM to stop him, SAM says nothing, he looks at him, pours a little more and looks at him again.*)

SAM. Who named you Swift? (*SWIFT laughs, fills glass and hands it to him. SAM drinks.*) That's very good rye. (*Drinks again.*) Have you much of this in the house?

SWIFT. We have a cellar full.

SAM. That's where I should have been thrown. (*Hands SWIFT the glass, then gives him money.*)

SWIFT. (*Putting money in his pocket*) Thank you, sir. (*Picks up tray and starts to exit up R.*)

SAM. Oh, Swift. The less said about this horse affair the better. You understand?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I know how to hold my tongue.

SAM. Well, if you keep hold of it you can't tell anyone.

SWIFT. (*Laughing*) Yes, sir, keep hold of it and I can't tell anyone. That's very good. (*Starts to go, stops.*) And Mr. Harrington, any time you wish a drink just touch the bell there—— (*Points to tap bell on table.*) And I'll have it here in a jiffy. (*Laughs again.*) Keep hold of my tongue and I can't tell anyone. I must remember that.

SAM. (*Feeling in his pocket for pencil and paper*) I'll write it down for you.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, and don't forget the bell.

SAM. Don't forget the rye.

SWIFT. No, sir, I'll always have a drink ready for you, sir.

SAM. You better have two ready, I may ring twice.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Exits up R. still laughing.*)

SAM. Jolly person. (*Crosses down C. and stands feeling his tooth.*) Yes, I'll lose that one too. (*MRS. CHADWICK enters up L. Stops short when she sees SAM.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Sam!

SAM. (*Starts, turns and sees MRS. CHADWICK, gives a sigh of relief*) I thought that horse had followed me in here.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing down C.*) My, what a scare you gave me.

SAM. Scare?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, when I heard they'd put you on the Hottentot my heart just stood still.

SAM. Your heart? Mine isn't going yet. Why did you make me get on that horse?

MRS. CHADWICK. I?

SAM. Yes. Didn't you tell me over the phone to get on a horse and amble gently over?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

SAM. Well, I did. Over everything between here and Alec's house. I tell you that Hop and Trot is some horse.

MRS. CHADWICK. Sam, dear, it was all a mistake——

SAM. Of course it was a mistake. I never should have gotten on a horse, you know that. I haven't been on a horse in six years until today. I hate the sight of a horse, I'm scared to death of a horse.

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, but there's no reason why anyone here should know that.

SAM. I don't care who knows it.

MRS. CHADWICK. But I do. Sam, dear, you don't understand, these people here are crazy about horses.

SAM. You know why they're crazy?

MRS. CHADWICK. No.

SAM. From being thrown on their heads so often. (*She crosses L. and sits.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. But don't you see what an awful position it would place me in?

SAM. How?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why if they found out you couldn't ride we'd never hear the end of it.

SAM. I don't care what they think, any of them. Their opinion of me doesn't amount to—— (*Starts to snap his fingers, winces with pain, feels his thumb.*) Thumb's gone too. (*Crosses up c.*) You and your horses.

MRS. CHADWICK. You don't want Peggy Fairfax to know it, do you?

SAM. You don't mean to tell me Miss Fairfax is crazy about horses too?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why she's worse than all the rest, she's mad about horses, and a mighty poor welcome you'd get from her if she thought you didn't like them.

SAM. Then don't tell her.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Rises and crosses to him*) I don't intend to, she thinks you're a wonderful rider.

SAM. She does?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes. She thinks you're the famous S. Harrington, the rider out west.

SAM. Not the Californian?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

SAM. The hurdle jumper? (*Indicates it with his hand.*) That one?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

SAM. Well, let her think so.

MRS. CHADWICK. I fully intended to.

SAM. I mean, don't say anything to her about my having been thrown. You don't mind if I light this?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crosses to him*) Mind? I think it's very sweet of you. (*Takes cigarette from him, crosses down L. and sits smoking. SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray, he comes down R. of SAM.*)

SAM. (*To SWIFT*) You heard the bell?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. That's the rye?

SWIFT. (*Nods*) Rye.

SAM. Carol, you don't mind if I—— (*Holding up drink.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Mind? (*Starts to rise.*) No, and don't you say anything to anyone else.

SAM. You know I wouldn't say anything.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Looking him over*) Sam, is that the best riding suit you could pick out?

SAM. It was all right for the occasion. I was so frightened that I grabbed the first suit I could find. These are not mine.

MRS. CHADWICK. No?

SAM. No, everything I have on belongs to Mr. Fairfax. Hat and everything. (*Points to battered hat on table.*) Wail 'till he sees them. (*Notices dirt on his tie, starts brushing it with his cuff.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Well, if you don't want Peggy

to know you were thrown, hadn't you better brush up a bit?

SAM. (*Continues brushing*) I'm brushing, I'm brushing. (*Goes to table R. and rings tap-bell. After he has done it he realizes that SWIFT will bring him a drink, smiles. Takes cigarette from humidior on table. Lights it.*) Oh, Carol.

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

SAM. Stay where you are, stay where you are. (*She sits. SAM drinks.*) Oh, Swift.

SWIFT. Yes, sir?

SAM. Do you know where you could get me a comb and brush? (*Notices SWIFT's bald head.*) You wouldn't have one of your own, I know.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I'll get them for you.

SAM. And a mirror?

SWIFT. A mirror, yes, sir.

SAM. I want to fix up a bit. (*SWIFT exits up R. with tray and empty glass. Horses' hoof are heard approaching off L. SAM is frightened, he runs up L. and waits till they have passed.*) They don't come in here, do they? Oh, how I hate that sound. (*Crosses down L. to MRS. CHADWICK.*) Now remember, Carol, while I'm in this house I don't get on a horse again, not even a Shetland pony. (*Crosses R.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Rises, crosses to C.*) You won't have a chance to.

SAM. I know, but suppose Mr. Fairfax, or some of these people who are crazy about horses, ask me to go riding with them?

MRS. CHADWICK. I'll arrange all that. I'll take you out in the car with me after lunch, and if Alec should want you to ride—simply say you have an engagement with me. Call me up, and I'll send the car right over.

SAM. Sounds attractive enough, but a trifle scandalous.

MRS. CHADWICK. Nonsense, they all know me.

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SAM. That's what I mean.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Goes up L.*) Peggy's upstairs, do you want to see her?

SAM. What do you suppose I came all the way from California for, and got on that wild horse? Of course I want to see her.

MRS. CHADWICK. I'll tell her. (*She exits up the stairs L.*)

SAM. Thank you.

(*SWIFT enters up R. with comb and brush and mirror.*)

SWIFT. Mr. Harrington. (*SAM takes comb and brush. Gives SWIFT money.*) Thank you, sir.

(*SAM sits L. of table and combs his hair, while SWIFT holds the mirror for him, he gradually lowers it unconsciously until SAM can no longer see himself. SAM pushes it up. Business is repeated a second time. SAM brushes the back of his head very gingerly because of large lump. In watching him SWIFT again lowers the mirror.*)

SAM. Are you sitting down?

SWIFT. No, sir. (*SAM continues to brush hair.*) Will you allow me, sir? (*Smooths SAM's hair down in back.*)

SAM. Easy there. Do you feel that?

SWIFT. (*Feeling lump*) Indeed I do, sir.

SAM. You ought to see the rock I broke with that. (*Hands comb and brush to SWIFT and starts to fix his collar and tie. SWIFT in trying to put comb and brush together again lowers mirror, this time almost to the floor.*) Throw it on the floor, throw it on the floor.

SWIFT. I beg your pardon.

(SWIFT holds mirror on a level with his own chest. SAM stands up and it is too low, stoops to where it is. As he does so SWIFT raises the mirror to where SAM was. SAM grabs it and lifts it to proper height. Finishes adjusting his tie.)

SAM. That looks a little better, doesn't it?

SWIFT. Very much better, sir. (*Puts mirror and comb and brush on table. Takes whiskbroom from pocket.*) If I may have your coat, sir.

SAM. (*As SWIFT helps him off with coat*) You can have it, it isn't mine.

SWIFT. No?

SAM. Everything I have on belongs to Mr. Fairfax.

SWIFT. Indeed. (*Takes coat, goes out through window up c. and shakes it. The dust makes him sneeze.*)

SAM. God bless you.

SWIFT. Thank you, sir.

(*While SWIFT is brushing coat, SAM goes to table, takes mirror, smooths his hair, and tries to see the back of his head. SWIFT finishes brushing coat, comes down and starts to put it on SAM, the left arm first.*)

SAM. No, no. The right arm first. I start everything with the right arm, and the right foot.

SWIFT. Are you superstitious, sir?

SAM. Yes, very. (*Puts coat on, SWIFT pulls it down in the back, repeats business and throws SAM off his balance.*)

SWIFT. I beg your pardon, sir. (*Starts to brush trousers, the left knee first.*)

SAM. No, no. The right knee first.

SWIFT. Yes, of course. (*Brushes right knee. SAM winces with pain.*)

SAM. Oh! (*Sits L. of table, rubbing his knee.*)

SWIFT. I'm very sorry, sir.

SAM. So am I. I forgot to tell you, that's where he bit me. (*Rises and SWIFT continues to brush his trousers, very carefully.*) Easy now, easy. (*SWIFT flicks the dirt off with his finger nail, SAM watches him a moment.*) Don't brush it off, kill it, kill it. (*SWIFT rises, crosses to table, picks up comb, brush and mirror. SAM goes to him and gives him money.*)

SWIFT. Thank you, sir. (*Looking at money.*) Are you going to be here long?

SAM. No, just a few days, that's all.

SWIFT. I'm sorry.

(*Exits up R. SAM straightening his clothes notices the tear in his trousers, starts feeling the lapels of his coat for a pin. PEGGY enters up L. She has changed her riding clothes for an afternoon frock.*)

PEGGY. (*Crossing to him*) Mr. Harrington. (*Holds out her hand.*)

SAM. (*Has been holding tear together with his right hand, switches quickly and they shake hands*) How do you do, Miss Fairfax, how do you do.

PEGGY. I'm awfully pleased to see you again.

SAM. (*Still shaking hands*) Thank you. I was going to say that myself, but I was so pleased at seeing you that I forgot it.

PEGGY. I can't tell you how pleased I am.

SAM. (*Still shaking hands*) I was going to say that too. (*Again switches hands, so that when he leaves her he can hide the tear. Holds his trousers with his right and shakes her hand with his left.*) Have you been well?

PEGGY. Yes, thank you——

SAM. (*Drops her hand and backs away from*

her, going L.) You'll pardon me a moment? I'm not going, I just want to find something. (*Looks about on table.*)

PEGGY. What?

SAM. I want to find a pin.

PEGGY. A pin?

SAM. Yes. Not to pick it up for luck or anything, although I would do that, I'm very superstitious. The truth is, Miss Fairfax, something is torn.

PEGGY. What is it?

SAM. Well, it isn't my coat.

PEGGY. No.

SAM. And it isn't my waist-coat.

PEGGY. No.

SAM. And I haven't any hat on.

PEGGY. No.

SAM. And there you are. (*He opens the rent in his trousers, closes it quickly.*)

PEGGY. How did you do that?

SAM. Oh, I didn't do it, these are not mine. You see they phoned me to put on some of your brother's riding clothes, and get on a horse and get over here as quickly as I could—which I did. Your brother must have had a terrible fall in these.

PEGGY. Well, there's only one thing to do with that.

SAM. What?

PEGGY. (*Crossing to cabinet L. and getting work-basket*) Sew it up.

SAM. Oh, don't bother about that.

PEGGY. (*Crosses R. in front of SAM, turns and takes his hand*) Come here, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Please don't bother, Miss Fairfax.

PEGGY. Come here. (*Takes his hand and leads him down R. to table. Puts work-basket on table, as she does so she accidentally rings the tap-bell.*)
SAM grins, knowing SWIFT will bring him a drink.

She finds needle and thread, turns to him, he is still holding her hand, thinking, and does not notice it. She looks at her hand, then at him. He releases it.)

SAM. I beg your pardon. *(She smiles.)* Ready?

PEGGY. Yes. *(He raises his knee, trying to balance on one foot, almost falls. She laughs. You can't stand that way. (She kneels down and starts to sew, she tickles him, he squirms, laughs and backs away.)*

SAM. I wasn't ready then. *(She starts to sew again and again tickles him.)* Don't bother about sewing it, we can just pin it up, safety pin, anything.

PEGGY. No, you come here and I'll sit down. *(She sits L. of table, SAM crosses to her and she starts to sew.)*

SAM. You know it seems a shame to have you—*(PEGGY tickles him with the needle. He jumps, crosses L., holding his leg. Puts hand inside the tear in his breeches, takes it out, looks at it, finds there is blood on it. Nods.)* Do you have to use such a long needle?

PEGGY. I'm so sorry.

SAM. *(Crosses back to her, holds breeches away from his leg. Maybe you'd better hold it out, like this. (She starts sewing. SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray, pauses a moment, then comes down R. of table, leans over and tries to pass it to SAM. PEGGY has her back to SWIFT and does not see him. SAM makes several attempts to get the drink but fails.)* Miss Fairfax, would it help any if I stood a little closer? Get at it better.

PEGGY. Yes.

(SAM moves a step nearer, leans over the back of her chair but still can't reach it. SWIFT is leaning over the other chair and holding to it, it

tips with him, he loses his balance and almost falls.)

SAM. (To SWIFT) Never mind, never mind.

PEGGY. (Looks up) What?

SAM. (Smiling at her) Nothing. (SWIFT goes up R., turns and he and SAM talk in Pantomime. PEGGY looks up and catches SAM, he smiles. SWIFT exits up R. SAM watches her sewing, she has reached the top of the tear, up near his pocket.) You're not sewing the pocket up, are you?

PEGGY. (Laughs) No. (She stops sewing, turns and gets scissors from basket.)

SAM. You'll be careful with those, won't you?

PEGGY. (Laughs, cuts thread) There. (SAM looks down at his pants, she has sewed them very badly, so close to his leg that he can't move them. Long business of trying to do so.) What's the matter?

SAM. It's shirred, isn't it?

(Continues to work with his pants, discovers that she has sewed them to his underwear. Puts his hand down inside his pants to make sure. Crosses to settee L., tries to sit, gets up quickly finding that he can't. He is very much embarrassed, backs up stage, trips over bottom step of stairway and almost falls.)

PEGGY. What is it?

SAM. I think you've sewed them to the I. O. U.'s. It's all right, I never tried it that way before, but it sort of keeps things together more.

PEGGY. But it looks awful.

SAM. It doesn't matter, I can keep my hand over it.

PEGGY. (After a slight pause) Well, wouldn't you like to sit down?

SAM. I'd like to, yes.

(Crosses down R. of table and tries to sit, rises quickly, the only way he can manage it is by sitting sideways, and stretching his right leg straight out in front of him.)

PEGGY. Have you any idea how long it is since we last met?

SAM. About a month.

PEGGY. Yes. You were awfully nice to auntie and me. No wonder *she* liked you.

PEGGY. When did you leave California?

SAM. About a week ago.

PEGGY. California. (*Sighs.*)

SAM. Some place, isn't it?

PEGGY. Yes. That was a wonderful trip we had to Santa Barbara.

SAM. Oh, you remember that trip?

PEGGY. Yes, I'll never forget it—the orange groves——

SAM. Yes.

PEGGY. Then luncheon at the Mission——

SAM. Um-hum.

PEGGY. That lovely trip up the mountains, and the sea.

SAM. Do you remember that boat ride?

PEGGY. Yes, the most beautiful boat ride I ever had in my life.

SAM. Yes, smooth.

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. That's the way I like them—smooth. You remember how we sat up on the forward deck?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. Auntie, you, and myself—and how I tried to get rid of your Auntie?

PEGGY. Yes, and we couldn't.

SAM. No, the water was so shallow.

PEGGY. (*Laughing*) Oh, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. But she didn't stop us talking, did she?

PEGGY. No.

SAM. I never saw two people talk so much in my life—about everything.

PEGGY. No, that's what I can't understand. How we could be on that boat for four hours, and talk about everything, except the one thing that we both love most of all.

SAM. What?

PEGGY. Horses.

SAM. Horses?

PEGGY. Yes, and there I was talking to one of the greatest riders in the world.

SAM. Who, your Aunt?

PEGGY. No, *you*.

SAM. Oh, I wouldn't say "one of the greatest riders," one of the bravest maybe.

PEGGY. Now, no false modesty. You know I've often wished that I were a man, just long enough to ride one steeplechase.

SAM. That would be plenty long enough.

PEGGY. I think it's the most exciting sport on earth, there's nothing to compare with it.

SAM. Nothing, absolutely nothing.

PEGGY. Do you get excited when you ride?

SAM. (*Shakes his head*) No, I just become numb.

PEGGY. I'm going to tell you something that may surprise you a little.

SAM. Surprise me; what is it?

PEGGY. Well, after we got back east I read in the papers about the Burlingame Steeplechase, in which you were to ride the Senator's "Mamie H."

SAM. I was to ride?

PEGGY. Yes. Oh, we read it—Mr. S. Harrington.

SAM. That's right, Mr. S. Harrington.

PEGGY. Yes, and I was so crazy to see you ride that I asked Auntie to return to California, just for that event.

SAM. To see me ride?

PEGGY. Yes.

(MRS. CHADWICK *enters up L. and stands listening.*)

SAM. Well, that was very nice, and quite a surprise. But of course if you saw that race you know that——

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crosses down to them, interrupting*) But she didn't. Did you, Peggy?

PEGGY. No, we didn't.

SAM. Oh. You didn't see it?

PEGGY. No.

SAM. (*To MRS. CHADWICK*) Oh. Everything's all right then.

MRS. CHADWICK. Of course everything's all right. (*To PEGGY.*) Oh, Peggy, May wants you.

PEGGY. (*Rises*) You'll pardon me?

SAM. (*Rising*) Certainly. (*PEGGY crosses up L.*) You'll be back?

PEGGY. Yes, I won't be long. (*She exits up L.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. What were you going to tell her? That you couldn't ride?

SAM. Yes. I forgot.

MRS. CHADWICK. Sam, you're simply poisonous. Now please be careful. (*She crosses down L. and sits. ALEC enters up C.*) Oh, this is Mr. Harrington.

ALEC. (*Comes down R. of SAM*) I'm awfully glad to know you, Mr. Harrington. (*They shake hands.*)

SAM. What's your name?

ALEC. Alec Fairfax.

SAM. Alec Fairfax? (*Thinks a moment, trying to place the name, remembers.*) Oh, you're my host?

ALEC. Yes.

SAM. (*Shakes his hand*) How do you do. I was afraid I wasn't going to meet you while I was stopping at your place.

ALEC. I must apologize for not being there, but——

SAM. Oh, that's all right, I'm the same way, I don't go home much myself. (*ALEC laughs.*) Some very fine horses you have in your barn.

ALEC. Thank you.

SAM. You're welcome.

ALEC. What did you think of the Hottentot?

SAM. I told him what I thought of him.

ALEC. Some jumper, isn't he?

SAM. Yes, some jumper.

ALEC. And when it comes to speed, no flies on him either.

SAM. No, a fly couldn't live on him.

ALEC. Well, did you have any trouble handling him?

SAM. (*Effects a superior attitude*) No. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) Did I?

MRS. CHADWICK. No.

SAM. The only difficulty I found was that I couldn't get him to go quite high, or as fast, as I wanted him to. I can't understand yet why your man gave me a lady's horse. (*Crosses down R.*)

ALEC. (*Puzzled*) I mean, did you get him back in the stall all right?

SAM. Why of course. He's back there, isn't he?

ALEC. Yes.

SAM. The stall's gone, but he's back there all right.

ALEC. Well, I can't understand it.

(*PERKINS enters up c.*)

PERKINS. Mr. Fairfax.

ALEC. Yes?

PERKINS. Your horse is ready, sir.

ALEC. Good. And the Hottentot?

PERKINS. He's ready too, sir. (*He exits up c.*)

ALEC. (*To SAM*) How would you like to jump on the Hottentot and shoot him over to the course?

SAM. I'd like to shoot him right here.

ALEC. (*Laughs*) Well, I call this the greatest bit of luck that ever happened.

SAM. What?

ALEC. Why, your being here.

SAM. You don't know how lucky it is—my being here.

ALEC. (*Turns to MRS. CHADWICK*) Isn't this great? Now listen, the Hottentot is going in the race tomorrow, and he's going to ride him. (*Points to SAM, but continues to look at MRS. CHADWICK. SAM looks about to see who ALEC is pointing at, realizes it is him.*)

SAM. Who?

ALEC. You.

SAM. Oh, no, I'm not. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) Got everything all arranged, going out to lunch and then she's going to send the car over for me. Tell him you're going to send the car over for me. Tell him, tell him!

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Jumps to her feet and goes to ALEC*) Alec, you want Sam to ride the Hottentot, don't you?

ALEC. Why sure.

MRS. CHADWICK. Then let me arrange it.

ALEC. I know, but the Hottentot's my horse. Why can't I arrange it?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Leads him up c.*) Now I know Sam better than you do, if you'll just leave it all to me I'll make Sam ride for you.

ALEC. Good. (*He exits up c.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. You see, Sam, it takes a woman to manage a thing like this.

SAM. All right, then you ride the Hottentot.

MRS. CHADWICK. You were beginning to stammer and look foolish.

SAM. Certainly, why shouldn't I?

MRS. CHADWICK. Now Alec's an awfully nice boy, he asks you to do him a favor, without going into all kinds of explanations you can't refuse him.

SAM. Oh, yes I can.

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, no you can't.

SAM. That kind of a favor? Oh, yes I can.

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, no you can't! Now it's all very simple, as he won't take no for an answer—say yes.

SAM. I wouldn't get on that horse again for anybody in the world.

MRS. CHADWICK. Certainly not. But it won't hurt you to say you will. Then before the time comes some little thing happens—you turn your wrist, sprain your ankle, break your neck——

SAM. Yes, sure.

MRS. CHADWICK. Now that's settled, you're going to ride the Hottentot. (*PEGGY enters up L. and overhears it.*)

PEGGY. (*Crossing c.*) What?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*To PEGGY*) Yes, Sam's going to ride the Hottentot. (*To SAM.*) Aren't you, Sam? I'm going to tell Alec the good news. (*Exits up c.*)

PEGGY. Mr. Harrington, are you going to ride the Hottentot?

SAM. Yes.

PEGGY. Why?

SAM. Well, I'm the only one around here who can handle him.

PEGGY. But you mustn't ride him.

SAM. Well your brother asked me as a favor——

PEGGY. But Alec shouldn't ask you to ride the Hottentot. It's true you rode him this morning and

that it turned out all right, but even so it was an awful risk. The Hottentot's a nasty brute, with a cranky and dangerous disposition.

SAM. Nasty brute? He's half lion, that horse. A terrible horse.

PEGGY. That's why I'm asking you not to ride him.

SAM. Not to ride him? Don't you want me to ride him?

PEGGY. No.

SAM. All right, I won't. That's how you stand with me.

PEGGY. Now you've promised me, you won't ride the Hottentot?

SAM. I've promised you, and I'll keep my word.

PEGGY. (*Giving him her hand*) Thank you.

SAM. God bless you.

PEGGY. Now I want you to do me another favor.

SAM. Anything, Miss Fairfax.

PEGGY. You will?

SAM. Anything you ask.

PEGGY. You give me your word?

SAM. I give you my word.

PEGGY. Well, you see I have a horse of my own, called Bountiful. She's very fast, and a safe, sure jumper. With a good rider on her there's no reason why she shouldn't win.

SAM. No.

PEGGY. That's the favor I ask.

SAM. You want me to root for Bountiful?

PEGGY. No, I want you to *ride* Bountiful——

SAM. Oh, Miss Fairfax——

PEGGY. In the steeplechase.

SAM. But, Miss Fairfax——

PEGGY. There isn't any "but," you gave me your word. (*Crossing up c. to window.*) I'm going over and tell my groom that you're going to ride Bountiful. (*She exits up c.*)

SAM. This isn't a home, it's a stable. (*Crosses R. to table and rings bell. Strikes his sore thumb, winces with pain. Takes cigarette from humidor on table, lights it. SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray, comes down R. of table and stands holding it out to SAM. SAM has his back turned and does not see him. Turns to put match on ash-tray, sees him, is startled, jumps.*)

SWIFT. I'm sorry, sir.

SAM. It's all right, it's my fault. I did ring the bell, but I couldn't drink anything now—I'm too nervous and worried about the hurdle thing tomorrow.

SWIFT. The Steeplechase?

SAM. Yes.

SWIFT. Mr. Harrington, you don't mean to tell me you're going to ride in the Steeplechase tomorrow?

SAM. All the way you mean? I don't know. A few minutes ago I foolishly gave my word of honor to Miss Fairfax that I'd ride for her tomorrow.

SWIFT. Bountiful?

SAM. Yes, Bountiful.

SWIFT. And you're nervous about that?

SAM. Nervous? I should say I am nervous. I haven't been on a horse in six years until today—and I wasn't on that one more than a minute—of course I'm nervous. (*Crosses down L. and sits.*)

SWIFT. (*Crossing to C.*) Yes, sir, I can appreciate that, Mr. Harrington, I felt exactly that way before my first Steeplechase.

SAM. Your first Steeplechase? Why, were you a rider?

SWIFT. A rider? Why, Mr. Harrington, I was one of the best riders here—if I may say so.

SAM. You may. I don't care what you say.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I was a great rider until my last bad fall.

SAM. Did you have a bad fall?

SWIFT. I had terrible fall.

SAM. So did I.

SWIFT. Did you, sir?

SAM. Yes. Not this one, this is nothing.

SWIFT. Another?

SAM. Yes, six years ago, almost killed myself. Settled me forever with horses. Too bad too because I was very fond of them up to that time, owned a lot of them. But the minute I recovered from that fall I told my man to get rid of them—get them off the place—don't wait to sell them, give them away. I don't want to even see a horse again, don't want to even talk about a horse.

SWIFT. I never talk about them, sir.

SAM. Well, we'll be together a great deal while I'm here. That's all the others seem to talk about, horse, horse, horse. So you had a bad fall, eh?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. How did your fall affect you?

SWIFT. Shattered my nerves completely, sir. It left me a nervous wreck.

SAM. As far as horses are concerned?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. I'm the same way. If you see a horse, how does it affect you?

SWIFT. Makes me absolutely ill, break out in a cold perspiration——

SAM. You get weak?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, terribly weak.

SAM. And here—(*puts hand on chest*)—do you ever have this? (*Taps chest like a horse trotting.*) Ta-te-dum, ta-te-dum, ta-te-dum?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I have the same thing.

SAM. And if you hear a horse——

SWIFT: (*Yells, going R.*) Where is it, Mr. Harrington, where is it, where's the horse?

SAM. (*Frightened, follows him*) What is it,

what's the matter with you, what are you yelling about?

SWIFT. The horse.

SAM. What horse?

SWIFT. It's nothing, sir, it's my nerves.

SAM. Do you do that often?

SAM. Yes, sir.

SAM. Well, let me know when you're going to do it again. Heavens, you're worse than I am. (*Crosses to L.*)

SWIFT. (*Crossing up c.*) I can't understand it, sir, this terrible fear I have of horses. You know my family were all expert riders.

SAM. They were?

SWIFT. Yes, sir. And my brother, Mr. Harrington—they've never had a better rider here than my brother.

SAM. Your brother? Well, as I've given my word of honor to ride tomorrow I'll have to ride. Won't I?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. And as I'll need a great deal of practice, and a lot of coaching, don't you think it would be a good idea if I could see your brother, and have a talk with him?

SWIFT. I wish you could, sir, but my brother is dead.

SAM. I'm sorry, Swift, I beg your pardon.

SWIFT. It's quite all right, sir, how were you to know that poor Sam was killed?

SAM. Who?

SWIFT. Sam, my brother Sam.

SAM. Oh, was his name Sam?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. He was killed, eh?

SWIFT. Yes, sir; he was killed in the last Steeple-chase he rode in.

SAM. (*SAM grows more nervous and uncomfort-*

able) You say he was killed in the last Steeple-chase—— Of course, it would have to be the last one. Where did it happen?

SWIFT. Right here, sir.

SAM. Here?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, the same course you ride on to-morrow.

SAM. The same *horse*?

SWIFT. No, sir, *course*.

SAM. Oh, course.

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Where I ride Bountiful?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. He was killed, eh?

SAM. I thought you said he was such a wonderful rider.

SWIFT. He was a splendid rider.

SAM. Well, what was the matter with him that day?

SWIFT. Nothing, sir, excepting that it's a very dangerous course.

SAM. It is, eh?

SWIFT. It's a terrible course.

SAM. Well, haven't they fixed it up or anything since his accident?

SWIFT. Yes, sir; they've widened the jumps.

SAM. Widened them?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Do they have many accidents here?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, a great many. One every race at least.

SAM. At least one a race? I suppose if they happened to have a race without one, they'd run it over again.

SWIFT. (*Thinking*) Sam.

SAM. What do you want?

SWIFT. Oh, not you, sir, I wouldn't call you Sam. I was thinking of my brother Sam. I shall never

forget his last race, it was at the water jump.

SAM. Where?

SWIFT. The water jump, that's the dangerous jump.

SAM. The most dangerous, you mean, they're all dangerous, Swift.

SWIFT. Very true, sir. My brother Sam was leading at the water jump, his horse stumbled—*(puts hand over his eyes)*—and the way the other horses trampled the life——

SAM. *(Unable to control himself any longer)* Oh, shut up, shut up. That's all I hear in this place—people being kicked, and bitten, and thrown over walls, and trampled to death. Don't you know anything pleasant to talk about? Don't you know any riddles?

SWIFT. Yes, sir. What's the difference between a horse——

SAM. There's no difference, there's no difference.

SWIFT. But it was a terrible thing.

SAM. Of course it was a terrible thing, and I sympathize with you deeply. But don't keep harping on it, I'm nervous enough about this race to-morrow.

SWIFT. Poor Sam.

SAM. What?

SWIFT. My brother Sam.

SAM. Well, say your brother Sam, say your brother Sam.

SWIFT. Well, Mr. Harrington, is there anything I can do for you?

SAM. No. *(SWIFT starts up R.)* Yes, yes, there is. *(SWIFT returns.)* What's the use of my beating about the bush any longer, I've got to ride—to-morrow, and I've got to have a horse to practice with.

SWIFT. A horse?

SAM. Yes, do you think you can get me one?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Don't buy it, you know.

SWIFT. No, sir.

SAM. If you buy it you'll keep it yourself.

SWIFT. No, sir; I'll hire one.

SAM. Yes, hire one, and do not hire a fancy horse.

SWIFT. A what, sir?

SAM. One like the Hottentot. I don't want a horse that shows his teeth, or one that trembles all the time, or goes sideways. I do not want a spirited horse. I want a horse that's had a lot of trouble, a home horse, domestic, with a lazy disposition, and a wide back.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I know exactly what you mean, I know exactly the kind of a horse you want. What you want is a nice, gentle—— (*Goes through the motions of riding very slowly and gently.*)

SAM. That's it, that's my idea of a race. That's as fast as I want to go, and that's as high as I want to go, too.

SWIFT. I know. I know just the kind of a horse you want, the kind they have over at the Academy.

SAM. When you get this horse will you take it out in the woods and hide it, and let me know where it is—but nobody else?

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*SAM gives him money.*) Thank you, sir. But are you going to ride tonight?

SAM. Well, if I'm to race tomorrow I'd better take a little jaunt. (*Voices heard outside, SAM puts his fingers to his lips.*) Sh.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*He exits up R.*)

(*MRS. CHADWICK enters up C., followed by LARRY, OLLIE, PEGGY and ALEC.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing down L.*) Oh, Mr. Harrington, this is Mr. Gilford. (*PEGGY crosses down L. and sits. ALEC stands up L.*)

SAM. (*Mistakes LARRY for OLLIE, shakes his hand*) How do you do, Mr. Gilford——

LARRY. But you've——

SAM. And how is Mrs. Gilford?

OLLIE. I'm Mr. Gilford.

SAM. Oh, you are? (*To LARRY.*) I'll meet you in a minute. (*Crosses to OLLIE, they shake hands.*)

OLLIE. I'm very glad to know you, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. And I'm very glad to know you. And how's your wife?

OLLIE. Nicely, thank you.

SAM. That's good.

MRS. CHADWICK. And Mr. Crawford.

SAM. (*Turns to LARRY, they shake hands*) I told you I'd meet you in a minute. How do you do, Mr. Crawford?

LARRY. How are you?

SAM. And how's your wife?

LARRY. No wife.

SAM. That's good—er—that's too bad.

OLLIE. (*To SAM*) You'll stay to lunch, won't you?

SAM. Are you going to stay? (*Realizes his mistake, laughs. OLLIE laughs.*) Oh, yes, of course. Yes, I'll stay, and I'll be very glad to get it, too.

OLLIE. Well, what shall we do until lunch time?

MRS. CHADWICK. I'll tell you, let's all go over to the club.

PEGGY. No, I'll tell you. You can all go over to the club and I'll take Mr. Harrington and show him over the place.

SAM. All right.

LARRY. No, I'll tell you. Now we'll all get on a horse——

SAM. Have you got one big enough?

LARRY. (*All laugh*) Well, I mean, everyone get on his own horse——

SAM. No, they won't, I mean I won't. You can all get ou your horses and go over and attend to what you have to do about the race tomorrow, and I'll wait here until you come back, because I haven't got any horse.

LARRY. Oh, that's all right, I'll get you a horse. We've got horses to burn.

SAM. That's the first sensible thing I've heard about a horse since I've been here. (*All laugh. SAM crosses to R.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Well, if you'll all pardon me, I'll go and find May. (*She exits up L.*)

SAM. May? Is that a horse?

OLLIE. A horse? (*All laugh.*) Peggy, did you hear that? (*They continue to laugh.*)

SAM. What did I say?

OLLIE. You asked Mrs. Chadwick if May were a horse. (*Another burst of laughter.*)

SAM. Well, what's funny about that?

OLLIE. Well, I think it's funny, May's not a horse, that's my wife.

(*ALEC has come down between SAM and LARRY, all four are standing on a line. OLLIE laughs, slaps LARRY on the back, he falls against ALEC, slapping him, ALEC falls against SAM, slapping him and almost knocking him over. OLLIE, ALEC and LARRY exit up C. still laughing, and talking ad lib. SAM goes down R. rubbing his shoulder. PEGGY rises and crosses to R., sits L. of table.*)

SAM. They liked that one, didn't they?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. (*Feeling his shoulder*) That's the last one I'll tell them. (*Sits R. of table, same business with leg as before.*) Now that we're alone, Miss Fairfax, will you tell me, please, something about the

race tomorrow. I mean what are the conditions?

PEGGY. Oh, it's a sort of go-as-you-please affair.

SAM. I was going to do that anyway. I mean, what are the rules?

PEGGY. Well, there really aren't any rules, anyone that lives here can enter a horse.

SAM. Well, that's too bad, isn't it? Then I can't ride tomorrow, you see, if it's only for people who live here, that let's me out. I don't live here.

PEGGY. Oh, that only applies to the horses.

SAM. Oh, any horse that lives here.

PEGGY. (*Laughs*) No, I mean anybody can ride.

SAM. They can, eh?

PEGGY. Yes. Now tell me. How will you ride Bountiful tomorrow?

SAM. How will I ride your horse in the race tomorrow? Well, I don't know, I haven't had very much time to arrange anything, you see, I haven't met your horse—er—seen your horse yet. Just speaking offhand I should think the best thing for me to do would be to let Bountiful get out in front if she can, and try and stick on as long as possible.

PEGGY. Stick on?

SAM. Stay there, I mean. Let her get out in front and stay there.

PEGGY. No.

SAM. No?

PEGGY. No. Bountiful's very high-strung, she'll be terribly nervous at the start.

SAM. She will, eh?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. She'll have company, I'll tell you that.

PEGGY. If you let her go to the front too soon she might tire herself out.

SAM. You see, there's another thing. There are so many things to think of besides staying on. I don't know; you know so much more about your

horse than I do—— What is your idea, how would you like me to handle Bountiful tomorrow?

PEGGY. Just as you rode "Mamie H" in the Burlingame Steeplechase.

SAM. The way I rode that one? Yes, that would be all right.

PEGGY. That must have been a wonderful race.

SAM. Oh, yes.

PEGGY. I've thought of it so often, and I've read every account of it. McIntyre's description was so vivid I can close my eyes and see the race. I know every word of it.

SAM. You do, eh?

PEGGY. Yes, listen. "After a long delay at the post a terrific yell went up, "They're off!" Everyone was eagerly watching Harrington on the favorite, you were trailing along in fourth place. "Watch Harrington," the crowd shouted, "he'll walk in." (SAM takes other meaning, nods his head.) Then a hush came over the spectators, the horses were nearing the first jump, everyone in the huge crowd held his breath. Now they go, everyone of the ten are over the first. The crowd again breaks loose, "Look at Harrington, he's third now."

SAM. I'm gaining.

PEGGY. Over the third jump, the people are wild; they shout again "Harrington's gaining." Look! He's second, good boy Harrington. Over the fourth, fifth, sixth, Harrington's steadily gaining. Look, he's almost up to the leader.

SAM. (*Beginning to be excited*) Come on, you Sand-dab!

PEGGY. Now they're at the dangerous jump next to the last, each jockey struggling for the lead. Suddenly a groan from thousands of throats——

SAM. I fell?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. (*Rises in disgust, goes R.*) I knew it.

PEGGY. But you get up!

SAM. Yes?

PEGGY. You catch your horse.

SAM. (*Comes back, sits*) Yes.

PEGGY. You vault lightly into the saddle.

SAM. Well, I'm game, anyhow.

PEGGY. Thunders of applause, and yells of "Bravo!"

SAM. Come on, Sam. (*Slaps his leg, striking his sore thumb, same business.*)

PEGGY. You commence to gain, you're sixth, fifth, come on you Harrington, you're fourth, and you're nearing the last jump. There they go, all over safely, and Harrington's third. Watch, he's gaining at every step in the stretch.

SAM. Where am I now?

PEGGY. Second, and coming strong.

SAM. God, what a race!

PEGGY. You're up with the leader, you're neck and neck, you're riding like a demon, inch by inch you gain—you go to the whip, you shoot to the front, and you win by half a——

SAM. Mile.

PEGGY. No, length.

SAM. I don't care, so long as I won it. (*Turns and starts to ring tap-bell. Rings it until——*)

CURTAIN



"THE HOTTENTOT"

2nd Act

ACT II

SCENE: *The same as Act I.*

Evening.

Before the curtain rises, PEGGY, OLLIE and ALEC are heard talking off stage L.

PEGGY. I think you'll find out that May is right.

OLLIE. Maybe she is, but she never has been yet—about Bridge, I mean.

ALEC. Well, she hasn't been playing very long.

OLLIE. No, only about twelve years, that's all.

(The curtain rises. MAY is discovered sitting L. of table reading a book on Bridge. CELISE enters up R., crosses and exits up the stairs. ALEC enters up L.)

ALEC. *(Crossing to MAY)* Well, I'm going to have a look at that book.

(DIALOGUE ON STAGE)

ALEC. Pardon me, May, may I see that book a minute, please?

MAY. Certainly.

(Gives ALEC the book.)

(DIALOGUE OFF STAGE)

OLLIE. All right, take a look at it, take a good look at it. That's the way I learned the game. Read the book, remember the book and you'll know how to play Bridge—that's all there is to it.

(ALEC takes book from MAY, crosses R. and sits on

back of divan reading. Dialogue off stage continues.)

PEGGY. Well, Ollie, it wouldn't do you any harm to look in the book once in a while.

OLLIE. I have looked in the book.

PEGGY. Then why don't you remember what you read?

OLLIE. I always do remember, that's just it.

ALEC. *(Closes the book)* Yes, I was right about that play. *(OLLIE enters up L. followed by PEGGY.)*

OLLIE. No, no, Peggy. No matter what you say, the book says you must return your partner's lead.

PEGGY. Well, I played all right when I played with Mr. Harrington.

OLLIE. With Mr. Harrington, yes. You never played a hand, did you?

PEGGY. No, I didn't.

OLLIE. No, he always took the bid away from you. Mr. Harrington is an excellent player, I don't know what he must think of us.

ALEC. Oh, Harrington thinks we're all right.

OLLIE. Yes?

ALEC. Yes, he said he'd played Bridge all over the world, and he'd never seen such playing.

PEGGY. Well, I'm not going to play another rubber until Mr. Harrington gets back.

(She crosses L. to cabinet and stands looking at trophy cup. OLLIE goes down L. and sits. SWIFT enters from outside door carrying several dressmaker's boxes, hat boxes, etc. He is very nervous, crosses to C. and drops one of the boxes, as he picks it up he drops another.)

MAY. Swift, what's the matter. You aren't ill?

SWIFT. No, mam; just a bit nervous, mam.
(Drops another bundle.)

OLLIE. Where have you been for the last hour and a half?

SWIFT. (*Nervously*) Sir?

OLLIE. Don't you know you shouldn't leave the house with a dinner on?

SWIFT. A what on? Oh, a dinner on, yes, sir; well, you see, a friend of mine was very sick—er—ill; I mean his wife didn't feel well——

OLLIE. What are you talking about?

MAY. (*Sharply*) Ollie! (*Very sweetly, to SWIFT.*) Swift, who are those packages for?

SWIFT. They're for Mrs. Chadwick, mam.

MAY. Put them in her room, Swift, please.

SWIFT. Yes, mam. There's a lot more in the car, mam, a lot more. (*CELISE enters down the stairs, sees SWIFT with the boxes, laughs, and crosses to c.*) What are you laughing at, this is your work I'm doing.

CELISE. No, it is not.

SWIFT. Yes, it is. I'm no errand boy for Mrs. Chadwick.

CELISE. And I am engaged here as Mrs. Gilford's maid.

SWIFT. And I'm engaged as butler; what do you suppose the union would say if they saw me——

OLLIE. That will do.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, but Celise ought to——

OLLIE. That will do! (*Jumps to his feet.*)

SWIFT. Yes, sir, that *will* do. (*Takes boxes and exits up the stairs, talking ad lib.*)

OLLIE. Yes, it will do, I'm not going to have——

CELISE. Vielle pomme fritte! O mon Dieux, I never see such a man——

OLLIE. And you too, Frenchie, I'm not going to allow—— (*CELISE exits up R. talking ad lib in French.* MAY rises and crosses up c. to OLLIE.)

MAY. Now listen, Ollie, you must allow me to at-

tend to the servants. Do you want them to leave, and the house full of guests?

ALEC. Now don't you two start quarreling.

OLLIE. No, I don't want the servants to leave, but I'm not going to allow them to run my house.

PEGGY. (*Goes down L. of settee, and sits with back to audience*) But, Ollie, you have to allow them nowadays.

OLLIE. If I allow the servants to run the house I may as well sell it, and go board.

PEGGY. Keep quiet, Ollie.

OLLIE. I won't keep quiet.

(*SWIFT enters down the stairs. Loud explosion off stage. He is startled and tries to exit through small window up R.C. Gets tangled up in the curtains.*)

SWIFT. What was that?

OLLIE. They're blasting on the course.

SWIFT. Thank you.

OLLIE. You're welcome!

(*SWIFT exits up R.*)

MAY. Ollie, will you please let the servants alone?

OLLIE. No, I won't!

ALEC. Sh! Ollie.

OLLIE. I won't "Sh, Ollie"! (*LARRY enters up L. with Bridge score. Crosses to OLLIE.*)

LARRY. (*Handing him the Bridge score*) Here's something that will put you in a better humor, the Bridge score; you're the only loser. (*OLLIE sits up C. ALEC crosses to him and they look over the score together. LARRY crosses down left to PEGGY and sits.*) Peggy, are you really going to let Mr. Harrington ride Bountiful tomorrow?

PEGGY. Yes.

LARRY. Why, because he made a grandstand play for the ladies by jumping a stone wall?

PEGGY. That had nothing to do with it.

LARRY. So you're going to turn me down for an outsider? (PEGGY *doesn't answer.*) All right, but don't blame me if your horse doesn't win. (*Rises and crosses down extreme R.*)

PEGGY. If Mr. Harrington rides Bountiful I will win.

ALEC. Well, your horse ought to win, Mr. Harrington's a great rider. (*Comes down c.*)

LARRY. How do you know he's such a great rider, did *he* tell you?

ALEC. No. Mrs. Chadwick, and my groom, Perkins.

OLLIE. (*Rises and comes down R. of ALEC*) Perkins?

ALEC. Yes. Showed me a copy of a sporting paper with a glowing account of a steeplechase, won by the best, and gamest, gentleman rider in America—Mr. S. Harrington.

PEGGY. Why, I knew that.

ALEC. Yes, of course you knew it. That's why you got him to ride Bountiful tomorrow, instead of the Hottentot. And Carol knows it and thinks she's putting something over on us all.

OLLIE. Do you think she really knows?

ALEC. Why, of course she knows, but I was on to Harrington the minute Perkins told me how he handled the Hottentot this morning. I tried to draw him out a while ago, and he fell for it like a child.

LARRY. How do you mean?

ALEC. Well, I told him how disappointed I was not having him on the Hottentot tomorrow, as I knew with a good rider he'd walk in. Then I added, but as you won't ride him I'll have to get someone else.

OLLIE. What did he say to that?

ALEC. He asked me if I wanted to sell the Hottentot, and how much I'd take for him. I told him two thousand dollars, and he bought him.

PEGGY. (*Rises and crosses to ALEC*) Bought the Hottentot?

ALEC. Yes.

PEGGY. Why?

ALEC. Well, he said as your heart was set on winning the race tomorrow, and he knew the Hottentot was the only horse in the race that could beat yours—rather than have someone else ride the Hottentot, he bought him.

OLLIE. He doesn't know a thing, does he?

(*PEGGY goes down L. and sits. ALEC goes up L., sees MRS. CHADWICK coming down the stairs.*)

ALEC. Sh! Here's Carol, not a word to her. (*He goes up c. and stands looking out of window.*)

ALL. No.

(*OLLIE crosses down and sits L. of table, writing in betting book. MRS. CHADWICK enters down the stairs.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Hello, everybody. (*No one answers, after a pause.*) Well, was it a large funeral? (*All smile, but no one answers, she comes down c.*) Well, why aren't you playing Bridge?

PEGGY. I'm waiting for Mr. Harrington to get back.

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, Sam.

LARRY. Yes, Sam.

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, your friend.

LARRY. Oh, no, not mine.

PEGGY. (*Rises and crosses to MRS. CHADWICK*) Carol.

MRS. CHADWICK. What is it, precious?

PEGGY. Who do you think will win the race to-morrow?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why——

LARRY. She thinks my mount's a cinch. Don't you?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

ALEC. Oh, you do?

OLLIE. (*Rises and goes to her*) Well, if you fancy Larry's mount I'll bet you a thousand dollars——

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, I just fancy his mount, I'm not betting yet. (*All exchange significant glances. PEGGY exits up the stairs.*) Well, are we going to play Bridge?

ALL. Yes. Certainly, etc., etc.

MRS. CHADWICK. Come on, boys. (*She exits up L., followed by ALEC.*)

OLLIE. I'll be with you in a moment.

(*LARRY crosses, preparing to follow the others. PERKINS enters up R.*)

PERKINS. Pardon me, Mr. Crawford.

LARRY. Yes?

PERKINS. Your trainer wishes to see you.

LARRY. McKesson?

PERKINS. Yes, sir.

LARRY. Tell him to wait, I'll see him in just a minute.

PERKINS. Yes, sir. (*Starts to go.*)

OLLIE. Oh, Perkins. How's everything over at the stable?

PERKINS. Oh, fine, sir. Everything's fine.

OLLIE. And Bountiful, is she fit and well?

PERKINS. Fit, and ready to run the race of her life, sir. And if anyone should want me I'll be over at the stable, sir. (*He exits up R.*)

OLLIE. Larry, I suppose you're going to ride your own horse, Cannon Ball?

LARRY. Yes, and he's going to win, too.

OLLIE. I'll bet you a thousand Harrington beats you.

LARRY. Harrington? You're on. (*Takes notebook from pocket and starts to enter bet.*) That's a thousand, eh?

OLLIE. Yes.

SAM. (*Enters through window up c. and crosses down between OLLIE and LARRY*) Well, here I am. (*Loud explosion off stage. SAM is startled, takes his hat off and starts to hand it to OLLIE and then to LARRY, realizes his mistake and places it on divan down R. OLLIE crosses down R. and sits R. of table. SAM crosses L. to LARRY.*) I didn't disturb you, did I, Mr. Crawford?

LARRY. Not at all. (*Still writing in book.*) I'm just entering a bet of a thousand dollars that I beat you tomorrow, and I wish it was with you.

SAM. You can have a bet with me.

LARRY. How much?

SAM. I'll bet you five thousand dollars.

LARRY. Five thousand?

SAM. Yes. I'll bet you five thousand dollars my horse comes in alone. (*Crosses R. to table and takes cigarette from humidior.*)

LARRY. Comes in alone?

SAM. Yes, all by himself. (*Lights cigarette.*)

LARRY. Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Yes.

LARRY. You don't want to make that five thousand—ten?

SAM. Yes, that's why I bet the five. (*Sits L. of table.*)

OLLIE. Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Yes, sir?

OLLIE. Alec tells me you've just bought the Hottentot.

SAM. Yes, I bought him.

OLLIE. Are you going to break him yourself?

SAM. Yes, I'm going to break him—I'm going to start with his front legs.

OLLIE. Well, Larry, did you find the course in pretty good condition?

LARRY. Yes, but that gang of yours will have to work all night to get the water jump in shape.

SAM. (*Rises and crosses to LARRY*) Isn't the water jump in shape?

LARRY. Not yet.

SAM. Well, that's too bad. Maybe if they don't get it in shape by tomorrow they'll have to postpone the race—till next year. You understand what I mean, they may not have time to finish it.

OLLIE. Oh, they'll finish it, they're blasting on it now.

SAM. That ought to finish it. (*Crosses back R. and sits. To OLLIE.*) As I'm to ride in the race tomorrow, don't you think you ought to tell me something about this track?

OLLIE. Why, er——

LARRY. Track? It isn't a track, it's a point to point.

SAM. Point to point? Well, they've changed it then, Miss Fairfax told me this morning it was a steeplechase.

LARRY. Well, it is.

SAM. Oh, a point to—er steeplechase. How far is it?

OLLIE. About three miles.

SAM. From here?

LARRY. No, that's the length of the course. Three miles and twelve jumps.

SAM. Twelve? Three miles and twelve jumps. I don't know yet how long it is.

LARRY. Yes, didn't you run over the course yet?

SAM. How could I run three miles?

LARRY. Well, on a horse, I mean.

SAM. No, I wouldn't tire a horse out like that.

LARRY. Well, I wouldn't care to tackle a course in a race without going over the ground beforehand.

SAM. You can do what you like. I don't care what you do, you can go over it as often as you please. I'm going to do this thing tomorrow—*once*. I'd look fine rehearsing a thing like that.

LARRY. Well, don't you want to become familiar with the jumps?

SAM. I'd like to meet them casually. I don't want to get too familiar with them, no.

OLLIE. He's kidding you, Larry.

LARRY. (*To SAM*) Are you kidding me?

SAM. Yes.

OLLIE. Mr. Harrington's an expert, he doesn't have to go over the course.

LARRY. I suppose you're right. At that, there's nothing much to bother you, a fairly stiff water jump, about eighteen feet.

SAM. That's a river. Eighteen feet? A water jump? Who thought of that?

OLLIE. I did, and I'm having it made larger.

SAM. What is this thing tomorrow, a horse race or a boat race? Eighteen feet, that's ridiculous. While we're here now and have the time I think we ought to fix it up on something, a water jump, eighteen feet. For a lot of friends—riding for a cup. I'd rather chip in and get you each a cup, than take a chance like that—eighteen feet. (*To OLLIE.*) You thought of it, eh?

OLLIE. Yes, sir.

SAM. Do you ride tomorrow?

OLLIE. No, I don't.

SAM. No, of course not. (*Rises and crosses to*

LARRY.) Mr. Crawford, where is this water jump?

LARRY. Why, it's near the finish, it's the last jump.

SAM. The last jump? Oh, that's all right then, the last jump won't bother me any tomorrow. I'm not even worrying about the second jump. (ALEC enters up L.)

ALEC. Well, are you coming?

SAM. Where?

ALEC. Wouldn't you like a little Bridge?

SAM. I'd love a little bridge—right over that water jump. (PEGGY starts down the stairs.)

OLLIE. (Rises and crosses L.) Alec, if I cut you for partner will you please observe the rules? (PEGGY enters down the stairs.) And you too, Peggy.

PEGGY. Ollie, dear, you know how I detest rules.

OLLIE. I know, but you might give me your fourth best once in awhile.

LARRY. (To OLLIE) Yes, and it wouldn't do any harm if you'd return your partner's lead.

PEGGY. Well, the only real Bridge player I've seen here tonight is Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Thank you very much, but I didn't do my best tonight. I didn't deal enough.

(All laugh. OLLIE and ALEC exit up L. PEGGY and LARRY start to follow, she sees that SAM isn't coming, turns to him.)

PEGGY. Aren't you coming?

SAM. Where?

PEGGY. Wouldn't you like to play some more Bridge?

SAM. I'll play if you want to, of course, but I'd much rather stay here and talk.

PEGGY. (Crossing to him) So would I.

SAM. (Looking at LARRY) Well, that could be

arranged. You see the *two* of us could stay here and talk.

LARRY. Well, *pardon me!* (PEGGY goes down L. and sits. LARRY starts up L., stops, and crosses over R.) I think I'll speak to my trainer, McKesson, if you don't mind.

SAM. I don't mind. That's up to him.

(LARRY glares at him and exits up R. SAM stands c. trying to gage the length of the water jump.)

PEGGY. Are you thinking of the race?

SAM. I haven't stopped thinking of it since you mentioned it this morning. Right then I was sort of measuring the water jump.

PEGGY. (Smiles) Shall I order coffee?

SAM. (Still thinking of the water jump, looks up quickly) Order what?

PEGGY. Coffee.

SAM. I thought you said a coffin. (Relieved.)

PEGGY. (Laughs. Rises and crosses to table, sits L. of it and rings tapbell. SAM grins.) But of course if you'd prefer something else?

SAM. (Goes down L. and sits) No, what you hit the bell for will be all right for me.

(After a slight pause SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray, crosses down L. to SAM. Just before he reaches him, and as SAM puts his hand out to take the drink, PEGGY speaks.)

PEGGY. Coffee, Swift.

SWIFT. Coffee, yes, miss. (Turns and crosses back R. SAM jumps to his feet and follows, trying to get the drink; would follow SWIFT off but PEGGY's voice stops him.)

PEGGY. Well——

SAM. Coffee, Swift.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Exits up R.*)

SAM. (*Comes down and sits R. of table*) I didn't think he heard you, I just wanted to tell him.

PEGGY. Well, now that you've asked me to stay here and talk, what shall we talk about, the race?

SAM. Yes, that's exactly why I wanted to see you alone. Something's been troubling me a lot, a whole lot, a sort of misunderstanding. It isn't very easy to explain, still it's got to be done.

PEGGY. Really?

SAM. Yes, you remember when we met this morning, you began talking about a race out west? Well, I was so pleased and surprised at seeing you that it sort of took my breath away, and I really didn't know what I was saying.

PEGGY. I was the one, you hardly said anything.

SAM. That's just it.

PEGGY. Was it something you said, or I said?

SAM. It was something you thought about me.

PEGGY. Are you quite sure you know *what* I think about you?

SAM. It's what you will think about me.

PEGGY. Oh, you mean if you don't win the race for me tomorrow. You're afraid my horse isn't good enough.

SAM. I don't know anything about that.

PEGGY. You think I'm overconfident. That I'm counting on you to do the impossible, and you're preparing to take the blame on yourself and let me down easy.

SAM. Maybe I'm trying to let myself down easy.

PEGGY. (*Rises and takes stage. SAM rises*) But we're going to win. I don't want to think of anything else, and I don't want you to think of anything else.

SAM. There's nothing in the world I'd like better, Miss Fairfax.

PEGGY. (*Sits L. of table. SAM sits*) Now the

first thing to do is take you over to the stable and show you Bountiful—after we have our coffee. Aren't you just dying to get on her?

SAM. Well, there's plenty of time for that, isn't there? You see, we're here alone together, and it's awfully nice to be here. I haven't begun to tell you yet how really wonderful I think it is.

PEGGY. Thank you. (*She rises. SAM rises.*) I want to show you something. (*She crosses L. to cabinet, gets trophy cup, crosses back and places it on table.*) This is the trophy cup.

SAM. (*Looks into it*) Ah, empty.

PEGGY. Now I want to show you my colors.

SAM. Mike who?

PEGGY. (*Laughs*) My colors. (*She crosses to cabinet, gets jockey blouse and cap, crosses back to SAM and hands them to him.*) These are my colors.

SAM. (*Holding up blouse*) Is this all there is of it?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. Be all right for the water jump.

PEGGY. Do you like my colors?

SAM. Very much. (*Hands blouse to PEGGY.*)

PEGGY. What are your racing colors?

SAM. Black and blue. (*PEGGY hangs blouse over back of her chair.*) I love this bonnet.

PEGGY. (*Laughing*) Bonnet. Would you mind trying it on? (*SAM hesitates.*) Please?

SAM. (*Puts on cap, points to ribbon which hangs down over visor*) That won't be there, will it? I only want to watch one thing tomorrow. That would look like a tree to me tomorrow.

PEGGY. (*Stands back and admires him*) Just to see it on you gives me the most wonderful thrill.

SAM. It gives me a chill, too.

PEGGY. (*Takes cup and hands it to him*) Here, hold this.

SAM. Why hold it?

PEGGY. I want to see how you'll look after you've won the race.

SAM. I know what you mean. (*Pointing to cup.*) This will be filled with lilies.

PEGGY. I can see your picture in the papers.

SAM. Waiting to be identified. (*He strikes a pose.*) If you want it for a picture, Miss Fairfax, I've got a very good idea, if you don't mind my suggesting it. You see I could have it taken more like a jockey—— (*Poses.*) And if they could snap it quickly I've got a wonderful idea.

PEGGY. What is it?

SAM. Of course, they'd have to snap it like that. (*Starts to snap his fingers, his thumb is still sore and he winces with pain.*) You see, I could be looking back at the other jockeys—disdainfully. (*He strikes another pose, looks over his right shoulder, and makes a face.*)

PEGGY. I can hear the crowds yelling, I can see them carrying you in!

SAM. Isn't that funny, that's just what I was thinking of. (*Loud explosion off stage. SAM starts and almost drops the trophy cup.*)

PEGGY. (*After a slight pause*) Mr. Harrington, if you'll only win that cup for me I'd give anything.

SAM. Anything?

PEGGY. Anything.

SAM. Well, that's enough to make a fellow feel like trying, anyway.

(*SWIFT enters up R. with coffee service on tray, crosses down R. of table and places tray on down stage end of table.*)

SWIFT. Is there anything more, Miss Fairfax? (*Catches sight of SAM, who has struck another pose with trophy cup. Is greatly perturbed and upset—*

half-crying.) Oh! Mr. Harrington! Oh—Oh!
(*Runs off up R.*)

SAM. There's something wrong with Swift.

PEGGY. Yes. (*She sits and starts to arrange coffee things.*)

SAM. I'd better take my hat off while we have coffee. (*Removes cap and places it on table. Sits. Has long bus. of trying to place trophy cup where it will not be in his way. Finally lays it in his lap, it starts to roll off on the floor, he catches it.*) Do you mind if I put this down for a minute?

PEGGY. No. (*SAM places cup on the floor beside his chair.*) Mr. Harrington.

SAM. What?

PEGGY. (*Holding up lump of sugar, with tongs*) Sugar?

SAM. I know it is.

(*PEGGY laughs, puts sugar in his cup and passes it to him. Takes her own cup, takes serviette from tray, opens it and places it in her lap, sits looking front and stirring coffee. SAM watches her, puts his cup on table and picks up serviette, opens it, sees how small it is, picks up sugar bowl, looking for the rest of it. He is sitting with legs apart and when he places it in his lap it falls through to the floor, he picks it up, puts it on his knee, then on his arm, and finally tucks it in his vest. Takes up cup and sits stirring coffee. PEGGY takes spoon from cup, sips coffee. SAM does the same, shows he doesn't like it and starts to pour it into trophy cup. PEGGY looks up and catches him.*)

PEGGY. What's the matter, isn't it sweet enough?

SAM. Oh, yes, it's sweet enough, I was just going to pour it back and forth to cool it off. (*After a pause, during which both sit looking front and sip-*

ping coffee.) The last time I had coffee like this I was at a friend's house—we had a very nice dinner—after dinner he rang the bell. The butler came in; my friend whispered to him. I knew what he was whispering, but I didn't want to say anything. He said, "Now get two of those and get back as soon as you can." The butler said, "Sure, Mike"—er—"Yes, sir." He went out, and pretty soon he returned with a tray that had two glasses on it, two of those long, thin-stemmed glasses—they're rather out of date now—liqueur glasses. Did I say it right, liquor?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. Filled with *brandy*—and without asking whether I cared for it or not he deliberately poured it right in my coffee. I drank it of course, to be polite, but I like it much better without the coffee—er, brandy.

PEGGY. (*Passing cigarette humidor to SAM.*) You may smoke, if you like.

SAM. Thank you. (*Puts cup on table, takes cigarette and lights it, picks up cup and starts to drink, the cigarette still in his mouth. Holds cigarette in his left hand and again tries to drink, almost burns his face, takes cigarette in his right hand, sips coffee.*) I'm glad I got rid of that before I started to smoke. (*Points to trophy cup on floor. Sips coffee, puts cup back on table, folds serviette and puts it on tray.*) I'm going to rest now. (*Without thinking he puts his ashes in the trophy cup, looks at PEGGY quickly to see if she has seen it. She puts her cup and serviette on table. A pause, during which both sit looking front.*) Miss Fairfax, what are you thinking of?

PEGGY. I was thinking of my horse. What are you thinking of?

SAM. I was thinking of you. I was wondering if you realize how much more interesting, and wonderful, you are, than any other horse—er—I

mean—— (*Loud explosion off stage. SAM starts, almost knocks over the trophy cup which stands at his feet. Rises, picks it up and places it on divan R.*) You don't mind if I put this over here, do you?

PEGGY. No.

SAM. I'll break it, sure. (*Comes back and sits.*) They don't keep that up during the race, do they?

PEGGY. No.

SAM. What does it all amount to anyway, Miss Fairfax, all that we've been talking about—horses—steeplechases—water jumps—trophy cups? I mean, what does it all amount to as compared to the real thing? Now if I liked a girl very much, and she didn't go in for racing, didn't care about horses, why I wouldn't think any the less of her.

PEGGY. Of course not.

SAM. No. Why should I? On the other hand, take you, for instance. Suppose you had met a man and you rather liked him, and he told you that he didn't care about horses—was mad at them—hated them—couldn't even get on a horse without being scared to death. That wouldn't make any difference with you, would it?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. Yes, you see it would.

PEGGY. With nothing in common to be interested in, and do together, and all that we love most—— No, it wouldn't be the same at all with that kind of a man. Afraid to get on a horse. (*Laughs. SAM gives a false laugh.*) No, I simply wouldn't have any use for him.

SAM. That's what I thought. But suppose it happened to be a man who'd met with a terrible accident?

PEGGY. Lost his nerve, you mean, after a bad fall?

SAM. Yes.

PEGGY. But if he were the right sort, he'd never give up riding.

SAM. He might not care enough about it.

PEGGY. But you would, and so would I. Imagine going through life without horses?

SAM. I can imagine it, yes.

PEGGY. Afraid of them?

SAM. I knew a case like that once, very much like that, someone I was very, very fond of, too. It was in California, about six years ago, a man who'd been brought up with horses, a very good rider, too.

PEGGY. Well, what happened?

SAM. Well, one day he was riding along a road, when suddenly a horse shot by with a child on its back, the horse was running away, and the man almost died because he knew that at the end of that road was a pretty deep gully, a pretty bad fall. Well, he dug his spurs in of course and went after the horse, just managed to reach it, lifted the child out of the saddle and dropped her on the ground. He only had a minute to stop his own horse, and as he put his full strength on the reins—snap, something gave way, and over he went. All he could remember after that was, brown rocks, branches, horse's hoofs, blue sky, and then nothing.

PEGGY. He wasn't killed?

SAM. No, by some miracle, he wasn't, but after he recovered he had no more use for horses. Didn't care to go near them, couldn't bear the sight of a horse, just completely lost his nerve.

PEGGY. That was a terrible experience, of course, but he ought never let it get the best of him. (*Slight pause.*) He ought to jump right on a horse, any horse, every horse, and keep on doing it until he got his nerve back again.

SAM. Keep jumping on a horse until he got his nerve back again?

PEGGY. Yes. (*After a pause.*) Will you hand me that cup, please?

SAM. Certainly. (*Hands her his coffee cup.*)

PEGGY. (*Laughs*) No, I mean the trophy cup.

SAM. Why didn't you say, "the one without the saucer." (*Rises, goes to divan and gets cup, hands it to PEGGY.*)

PEGGY. (*Rising and taking cup*) Thank you. (*Starts to cross L. to replace cup on cabinet.*)

SAM. Oh, Miss Fairfax.

PEGGY. (*Stops and turns to him*) Yes, Mr. Harrington?

SAM. (*Crossing to her*) Will you do me a very great favor, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. Yes, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. And you won't feel offended, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. No, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Well, will you please call me Sam, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. Yes, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Thank you, Miss Fairfax.

(*PEGGY turns, goes to cabinet and replaces trophy cup, stands looking at it for a moment. SAM crosses up C. to window and stands looking out. PEGGY starts to exit up L. as she reaches the door she stops, thinks a moment, then turns to SAM.*)

PEGGY. Oh, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. (*Crossing to her*) Yes, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. I'll tell you what I will do, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. What, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. If you'll win that cup for me, I'll call you Sam, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Will you, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. Yes, Sam.

SAM. Thank you, Peggy.

(She turns and exits quickly, up L. After a slight pause SAM goes to cabinet and stands looking at trophy cup. LARRY enters up C., sees SAM, and stands watching him. As SAM starts to pick up the cup LARRY speaks.)

LARRY. Well, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. *(Startled and almost dropping the cup)* I wasn't going to take it. *(Crossing to LARRY.)* I just wanted to see how heavy it was.

PEGGY. *(Off stage)* Mr. Harrington! *(SAM looks, but doesn't answer.)* Sam!

SAM. *(Grins at LARRY, crosses up L., pauses in doorway and turns to him)* Did you hear that? Sam? Cut down from Sammy. *(Exits up L.)*

LARRY. *(Stands for a moment looking at newspaper which he carries, crosses up L. and calls off)* Oh, Carol!

MRS. CHADWICK. *(Off stage)* Yes, Larry?

LARRY. Will you step here just a minute, please?

MRS. CHADWICK. *(Off stage)* Certainly. Will you take my hand a minute, please?

PEGGY. *(Off stage)* Surely.

(MRS. CHADWICK enters up L.)

MRS. CHADWICK. *(Crossing C. to LARRY)* What is it, Larry?

LARRY. You've known this Harrington for some time, haven't you?

MRS. CHADWICK. For years and years. Why?

LARRY. You know all about him?

MRS. CHADWICK. Why, certainly.

LARRY. Then why didn't you tip me off to the truth about him?

MRS. CHADWICK. In what way?

LARRY. Why didn't you tell me he was such a wonderful rider?

MRS. CHADWICK. A wonderful rider?

LARRY. Yes, just listen to this. (*Reads from paper.* MRS. CHADWICK *looks over his shoulder.*) "Another triumph for Mr. S. Harrington, proving beyond question that he is America's greatest, and gamest, gentleman rider."

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Laughing*) Oh, Larry.

LARRY. Why the laugh?

MRS. CHADWICK. That isn't my Sam Harrington; that's another Sam Harrington.

LARRY. Now don't stall any more, he's the Harrington this paper refers to, and you know it.

MRS. CHADWICK.. Nonsense, Larry. I'd love to tell you the truth about Sam Harrington, if only to let you see how ridiculous you are.

LARRY. You'd love to, but you won't.

MRS. CHADWICK. Larry, will you give me your word you won't tell a soul, if I tell you the truth about him?

LARRY. Yes.

MRS. CHADWICK. Sam Harrington didn't come here to ride, he came because he's in love with Peggy.

LARRY. What?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, Sam never rode a race out west, or anywhere else.

LARRY. You don't expect me to believe any such stuff as that?

MRS. CHADWICK. Sam hasn't been on a horse in years, he told me so himself.

LARRY. Then how about jumping the wall with the Hottentot?

MRS. CHADWICK. Jumping the wall?

LARRY. Yes.

MRS. CHADWICK. He was thrown over the wall.

LARRY. What?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes, the Hottentot ran away with him and threw him over the wall.

LARRY. Threw him over, are you sure of that?

MRS. CHADWICK. Certainly.

LARRY. (*Laughing*) Oh, Lord, that's too good to be true.

MRS. CHADWICK. But it is true. I suppose it was poisonous of me to tell.

LARRY. Carol, you're positive of that?

MRS. CHADWICK. Positive, that's why I don't want him to ride tomorrow, I'm afraid he might get hurt.

LARRY. No, let him ride, let him ride. Why, a little spill on the soft turf, or in the water, wouldn't hurt anyone. Just fun for the crowd. So he's in love with Peggy, eh?

MRS. CHADWICK. Yes.

LARRY. And he doesn't know anything about races?

MRS. CHADWICK. No.

LARRY. Well, I'll teach him something tomorrow that he'll never forget. (*Laughs.*) Just watch that race tomorrow, that's all, just watch.

MRS. CHADWICK. Watch? I may not even see the race.

LARRY. Why not?

MRS. CHADWICK. I've got to go to New York.

LARRY. What for?

MRS. CHADWICK. To meet Reggie Townsend, he's coming all the way from the Philippines, just to see me. (*LARRY crosses up c.* MRS. CHADWICK. *follows.*) Larry, you did give me your word you wouldn't say anything about it?

LARRY. Certainly, I gave you my word. I won't say anything about it, but, oh! I'll think a lot. (*Exits up c. laughing.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Calling after him*) Now,

Larry, please, you promised. (*Stands in window looking after him. SAM enters up L.*)

SAM. (*Turns in doorway and speaks off stage*) Why, yes, certainly, Miss Fairfax, lots of decks have five aces. (*Starts to measure length of water jump.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. Now listen, Sam, I want you to give up this poisonous idea and come right back to New York with me tonight.

SAM. You mean about racing tomorrow? I can't do that, I've given my word of honor to Miss Fairfax.

MRS. CHADWICK. You don't mean to tell me you're going to be idiot enough to try and ride tomorrow?

SAM. I didn't say anything about being an idiot, but I'm going to try and ride tomorrow, yes.

MRS. CHADWICK. All right. (*Crosses up L. to doorway, turns.*) But, remember, if anything happens it will be on your own head. (*She exits up L.*)

SAM. I know where it will be, I know where it will be. (*Starts to measure from end of settee down L. When he gets to about nine feet SWIFT enters up R.*)

SWIFT. Mr. Harrington, what's that?

SAM. That's nine, and I've got to go nine more and take a horse with me, over a lot of water and mud and everything.

SWIFT. Oh, you mean the water jump?

SAM. The water jump, yes. It's eighteen feet, and they're making it larger. Why, I don't know. (*SWIFT goes to table and starts picking up coffee things, he is very nervous, his hand trembles and he drops cup. SAM is still measuring—it startles him.*) What's the matter with you?

SWIFT. I beg your pardon, sir. (*Replaces cups on tray, picks up tray, his hand trembles and hits tap-bell with tray, ringing it.*)

SAM. Don't do that, you'll bring yourself a drink.

SWIFT. No, I won't, sir; I'm too nervous.

SAM. You're too nervous?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. If I wasn't frightened I'd laugh at that. What are you nervous about? You don't have to ride tomorrow.

SWIFT. No, sir.

SAM. You're nervous because I'm going to ride?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. (*Crosses down L.*) Well, I can be nervous enough without your help.

SWIFT. (*Puts down tray and crosses c.*) Well, I thought you might need a little, Mr. Harrington, and I've undertaken to help you out.

SAM. What do you mean?

SWIFT. When I saw you on that horse from the Academy I knew you were in no condition to ride a steeplechase.

SAM. You followed me?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, I did, and I could see that you might be killed in a steeplechase. And Mr. Harrington, I got thinking of my poor brother Sam—I could see him lying there on the ground, cold, and—

SAM. Shut up, shut up!

SWIFT. —and I just couldn't bear it.

SAM. You couldn't bear it?

SWIFT. No, sir, that's why I did what I've done.

SAM. What did you "did what you've done"; what do you mean?

SWIFT. I've got it fixed so you won't have to ride tomorrow.

SAM. What do you mean, Swift; how did you fix it?

SWIFT. I've hidden Bountiful.

SAM. Hidden Bountiful? Where?

SWIFT. Where they'll never find her?

SAM. Where they'll *never* find her?

SWIFT. Where they'll never find her until after the race is over, anyway.

SAM. How do you know?

SWIFT. Because, I took her out of her own stable, and hid her in her winter stable.

SAM. How do you know they won't find her in the winter stable?

SWIFT. Because they never go there at this time of the year.

SAM. Are you sure?

SWIFT. Positive.

SAM. No harm can come to her? She won't catch cold in the winter stable?

SWIFT. No, no, sir.

SAM. I wouldn't have anything happen to Bountiful, for all the money in the world.

SWIFT. No, sir. She'll be just as comfortable as though she was in a feather bed.

SAM. She'll be fed properly?

SWIFT. There's plenty of feed there, oats, and hay, and——

SAM. Any apples?

SWIFT. Yes, a barrel of apples, and plenty of fresh water.

SAM. Where she can get at it?

SWIFT. I put it right handy, where she can reach it.

SAM. She's intelligent, she'll know enough to reach over and—— (*Cranes his neck as a horse would do.*)

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Are you sure that nobody saw you?

SWIFT. No, sir.

SAM. No, sir?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Well, make up your mind now, which is it?

SWIFT. I mean, yes, sir, nobody saw me. Not even Perkins.

SAM. Perkins?

SWIFT. Yes, Perkins, he's the groom.

SAM. He's Mr. Fairfax's groom.

SWIFT. Yes, sir, he takes care of Bountiful.

SAM. He does?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Well, don't you suppose he'll find out?

SWIFT. I hope not.

SAM. You hope not? Of course you hope not—so do I hope not. If he does find it out what will he do? I suppose he'll run right over here and tell them.

SWIFT. No, sir, he couldn't do that, it's too far. But he'd be sure to telephone.

SAM. He would telephone, eh?

SWIFT. Yes, but I think she's perfectly safe. I locked her in the stable.

SAM. You did lock her in?

SWIFT. Yes, sir; I have the key here. (*Takes key from pocket, holds it out to SAM.*)

SAM. (*Backing away from him*) Put that key away.

SWIFT. You'd better take it, sir——

SAM. I don't want the key.

SWIFT. It would be safer if——

SAM. I don't want the key! (*SWIFT starts to speak.*) I don't want the key!

SWIFT. Well, I don't want it found on me.

SAM. No. You want it found on *me*.

SWIFT. No, but it would mean my position here if anyone found this out.

SAM. You don't suppose I'll tell anyone, do you? Put that key away. (*SWIFT sighs, puts key in his pocket and crosses R.*) Here, Swift. (*SWIFT pauses, SAM crosses to him, taking money from pocket.*) I don't want you to feel that I don't appreciate what you've done, here—here's a hundred dollars for you. (*Holds out bill to him.*)

SWIFT. (*Reaches for it*) I can't take it. (*Draws back hand.*)

SAM. Yes, you can; you nearly had it then.

(*LARRY enters up C. and stands listening.*)

SWIFT. No, I can't take it—a hundred dollars.

LARRY. A hundred dollars? (*SAM hears him.*)

SWIFT. It's too much.

SAM. (*For LARRY'S benefit*) Too much? If the poor lady is sick, and everything—and going to be thrown out of her home, and all of her children thrown out after her—in this kind of weather? And all the trouble she's had with her husband? (*SWIFT looks at him in blank amazement. SAM winks at him frantically.*) You know the trouble you've just been telling me about? (*Winks at him again. SWIFT finally understands and nods his head.*) Too much? No, it isn't too much, and if your Spanish friend, Jaunita, needs any more, you send her to me. Won't you? (*SWIFT does not answer. SAM thrusts the money at him.*) Won't you?

SWIFT. (*Taking money*) Yes, sir, yes, sir; I will. (*Exits quickly up R.*)

LARRY. Who is the poor lady?

SAM. She's a Spanish lady, an old friend of Swift's. He knew her before she was Spanish—er—before she was——

LARRY. And she's in trouble?

SAM. Yes, she's in great trouble.

LARRY. And you gave her a hundred dollars?

SAM. Yes.

LARRY. Well, that was very nice of you.

SAM. What was nice about it? A hundred dollars means nothing to me, fortunately, and, after all, what does it mean to her—with the prices of things nowadays. A hundred dollars, with ten children, that's only ten dollars apiece.

LARRY. (*Crossing R.*) I'm just crazy to get at this race tomorrow—it isn't often, you know, that this little community has a chance to entertain such a lion.

SAM. Liar?

LARRY. Why, no, such a lion.

SAM. Well, speak distinctly when you use a word like that, please.

LARRY. You know how it is in a place like this, where everybody's cracked about horses. When a chap like you comes along, someone who can show us a thing or two, why we feel that we can't do enough for him.

SAM. Naturally.

LARRY. But, if a fellow blows in who can't ride, nobody has any use for him.

SAM. No.

LARRY. Ah, but you're different, you've got a record behind you, a lot of past performances.

SAM. What do you know about my past performances?

LARRY. Why, I've been reading about you. (*Holds up the paper.*) And this is pretty strong. (*Reads.*) "Another triumph for Mr. S. Harrington, proving beyond question that he is America's greatest, and gamest, gentleman rider."

SAM. Did that fool put that in? (*Crosses to LARRY and looks over his shoulder.*)

LARRY. Yes.

SAM. America's greatest?

LARRY. Yes.

SAM. The *world's* greatest, I told him to say.

LARRY. The world's greatest?

SAM. Yes, the whole world's greatest rider.

LARRY. Well, I'll be—— (*Throws paper down on table, it hits tap-bell and rings it.*)

SAM. Thank you. (*Crosses down R.*) Now the party will commence.

(SWIFT *enters up R. with drink on tray, crosses to C.* SAM *crosses to him to take the drink.*)

LARRY. (*Takes drink from SWIFT*) Thank you.
(*Drinks, puts glass back on tray.*)

SAM. (*To SWIFT*) That was for me, wasn't it?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Well, why didn't you give it to me?

SWIFT. I had it here, but Mr. Crawford——

SAM. Never mind him. Get another one, and come around that way. (*Points back of divan.*) I'll be down there. (*Points down extreme R.*)

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Exits up R.*)

(*Loud explosion off stage. SAM jumps.*)

LARRY. Why, that's all right.

SAM. Is it? You mean that noise is all right?

LARRY. Why, yes. Don't you know what that is?

SAM. The Hottentot sneezing, isn't it?

LARRY. No, they're blasting on the course.

SAM. I know, they're blasting on the course.

LARRY. Yes, they're enlarging the water jump.

SAM. I know, I know, they're enlarging the water jump. Everybody keeps telling me that—enlarging the water jump. Be quite a resort when they get through with it. (*Crosses up C. to window, looks out, comes down R. of LARRY.*)

LARRY. What's the matter, you seem to be a bit nervous?

SAM. I'm not nervous, but I can't help thinking about that poor Spanish lady.

LARRY. Oh, yes, Jaunita.

SAM. Jaunita McGowwan, yes.

LARRY. Well, Mr. Harrington, why don't you have this poor lady bet the hundred dollars you gave her on your mount tomorrow?

SAM. What a silly suggestion, coming from a man like you, a man that knows as much about horses as you do. Bet a hundred dollars, possibly the only hundred dollars she has in the world, on a Steeplechase—where an accident is liable to happen——

LARRY. Oh, no, no accident, not with you. What, the great expert? (*Crosses up L., laughing.*)

SAM. Yes, it could, an accident could happen.

LARRY. Oh, no, not with you. (*He exits up L., laughing.*)

SAM. (*Crossing L.*) Well, I'll bet you there's an accident. I know more about accidents than you do.

(*SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray, starts to cross to SAM. The phone bell rings. They look at each other frightened, sure that it is PERKINS phoning. SWIFT goes to table and puts tray down, starts to pick up the phone.*)

SAM. Get away from that, get away from that.

SWIFT. (*Puts phone down*) You answer it, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. I don't know what to say to him. (*The phone rings again. SAM starts L.*) Tell him the phone's out of order.

SWIFT. Please answer it, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. But I don't know what to say to him. (*SAM goes to table, picks up phone, as he does so it rings again, startles him, he puts it down.*) You answer it, you answer it.

SWIFT. No, sir, you do it, please. (*Picks up the phone and hands it to SAM.*)

SAM. (*In phone*) Hooray.

SWIFT. Not hooray, hello. (*Picks up coffee tray and starts to exit. He has caught one arm through the telephone cord when he handed it to SAM. Now*

he almost pulls the phone out of SAM's hand.) I beg your pardon, sir.

SAM. *(To SWIFT)* Look out, what are you doing? *(In phone.)* No, not you.

SWIFT. *(Turns around and tries to go the other way)* I'm very sorry.

SAM. *(To SWIFT)* Get out.

SWIFT. If you'll let me through here, Mr. Harrington, I'll be out of your way in a minute. *(He crawls under SAM's arm and steps over wire.)*

SAM. Shut up and get out. *(In phone.)* No, sir, not you.

SWIFT. I'm trying to, sir.

SAM. What are you doing?

SWIFT. *(Turns around and steps over wire the other way, again crawling under SAM's arm)* I'm trying to get out of this tangle, sir, I'm all right now.

SAM. *(To SWIFT)* No, you're not all right now. *(In phone.)* I wasn't speaking to you.

SWIFT. *(Crying)* What shall I do?

SAM. *(To SWIFT)* Put it down, put it down.

SWIFT. *(Puts tray on table, takes cord from around his arm)* Thank you, sir. *(Picks up tray and exits up R.)*

SAM. *(Looking after SWIFT)* Idiot! *(In phone.)* Oh, no, sir, not you. Someone was on the line. Who is this? Who? Perkins. *(Covers phone.)* Just what I thought. *(In phone.)* Hello, Perkins. How's everything? Where are you, Perkins? I say, where are you, Perkins? At the stable. *(Covers phone.)* Just what I thought. *(In phone.)* Isn't it kind of late to be over at the stable, unless something's happened? What? Something has happened. *(Covers phone.)* Just what I thought. *(In phone.)* Yes, he's here; Mr. Fairfax is here, but he's very busy playing cards. I wouldn't like to disturb him. What? You have an important mes-



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sage for him? (*Covers phone.*) Just what I thought. (*In phone.*) Perkins, you give me the message, I'll deliver it—— I won't let anybody hear it. No, won't, *won't*—I'll whisper it to him. You can give me the message. I know it's private, but you can give it to me. Tell me some of it. Is it about an animal, or anything? You must talk to Mr. Fairfax—very well, hold the phone. (*Puts phone on table, goes up L. and calls.*) Oh, Mr. Fair-flax.

ALEC. (*Off stage L.*) Yes?

SAM. Can you step here a moment, please?

ALEC. Certainly. Ollie, take my hand, will you. I'll be back in a minute.

OLLIE. Surely. (*ALEC enters up L.*)

ALEC. Yes?

SAM. I'm sorry to call you out from the card game, but there's a message.

ALEC. Oh, thank you. (*Crosses R. to table and picks up phone.*)

SAM. I don't suppose it amounts to anything.

ALEC. (*In phone*) Hello?

SAM. A telephone message.

ALEC. (*Clicks receiver hook*) Hello?

SAM. He knows that, I said hello.

ALEC. (*In phone*) Yes, Perkins. What? Well, are you sure?

SAM. Maybe something's the matter.

(*A long pause, ALEC listening at phone, SAM crosses and stands at his elbow, leans over and tries to hear what PERKINS is saying. ALEC turns very slowly away from SAM until he has his back to him. SAM is so intent on listening that he does not realize, leans over further, fails to hear anything, looks up, sees that ALEC's back is turned. So nervous he can hardly control himself. Crosses to C.*)

ALEC. (*In phone*) And have you examined all the stalls? No, no, don't you do that. I'll notify the police. (*SAM grows more nervous.*) You don't say? (*A long pause, during which SAM paces up and down, finally goes down L. of table and starts to sit. As he does so ALEC speaks again in phone.*) You don't say? (*SAM rises and goes up c. Another long pause.*) You don't say?

SAM. (*Unable to control himself any longer*) Why don't you make him say, make him say? He's working for you, if he was working for me I'd make him say it.

ALEC. (*In phone*) Yes, I'll be right over. Now don't mention this to a soul until I get there. (*Hangs up.*)

SAM. (*Going to him*) What is it?

ALEC. I think someone's trying to have a little fun with us.

SAM. What's it about?

ALEC. I'd rather not talk about it until I go over and investigate. (*Goes up c. and exits. Calls from off stage.*) Will you tell the others I've gone over to the stable to see what's wrong?

SAM. (*Stands in window looking after him. SWIFT enters up R. with drink on tray. He is frightened and creeps into room, looking around him and feeling his way along wall*) Yes, I'll tell them. You've gone over to the stable to see what's wrong. You don't have to go over to the stable, you can stay right here; I can tell you what's wrong. (*As SWIFT reaches window SAM turns, they see each other for first time, both startled, SAM jumps, SWIFT yells.*) Don't do that. That's the second time you've done that to me.

SWIFT. I wasn't doing anything to me—er, to you.

SAM. (*Crossing down L.*) Don't spy on me.

SWIFT. I wasn't spying on you, sir——

SAM. Don't spy on me. I'm an American citizen, I bought Liberty bonds—— (*Sits, down L.*)

SWIFT. I wasn't spying on you, sir; I thought I heard the bell and I brought you this drink. (*His hand is trembling so that he can hardly hold the tray.*) Please take it, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Stop shimmying, shop shimmying!

SWIFT. (*Holds tray with both hands, it still shakes*) I can't help it, sir.

SAM. Then put it down.

SWIFT. Thank you, sir. (*Starts to take drink.*)

SAM. On the table, you idiot, on the table.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Puts tray on table R.*) I'm terribly nervous, sir. (*Goes C.*)

SAM. You're nervous? So am I nervous, but I don't go around shaking trays like that. You must learn to control your nerves. You'll be more nervous when I tell you that Perkins has just phoned to Mr. Fairfax—— (*SWIFT is almost frantic, doubled up with fear and nervousness, stands on one foot biting his fingers.*) What are you doing?

SWIFT. Nothing, sir.

SAM. Don't say you're not doing anything. Stand still! (*Tries to show SWIFT how to control himself by doubling up his fists and holding his hands down at his side.*) Like this. (*SWIFT tries to do it, doubles up his fists, but can't stand still and keeps working his arms up and down.*) Don't keep doing it! Just once!

SWIFT. Yes, sir, just once, that's all.

SAM. Do you want to hear this?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, please tell me.

SAM. Then stand still! (*SWIFT manages to do so.*) You're getting me so nervous I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know what Perkins told him, but he had him on the phone just now—— Whatever he said I couldn't get, but I could tell from his voice that he was telling him. All he said

was, "You don't say, you don't say, you don't say?" I couldn't make out a word, but I could tell by the way he put the phone down and rushed out of here. "You tell the others I've gone over to the stable to see what's wrong." I knew they've discovered that Bountiful had been stolen.

SWIFT. (*Starts pacing back and forth, crying*) Oh—Mr. Harrington.

SAM. Sh! Keep quiet!

SWIFT. Oh, oh, oh, Mr. Harrington, what am I going to do?

SAM. (*Crossing up L. to see if anyone can hear them*) Shut up! Will you keep quiet? (*Crosses to R., same business.*)

SWIFT. I can't keep quiet in the face of this. Think what it means to me?

SAM. Think what it means to me——

SWIFT. They'll send me to the Penitentiary, I'll lose my position, my reputation. They'll send me to prison——

SAM. What about my reputation——

SWIFT. But it was I who stole the horse——

SAM. Never mind that, keep quiet, the neighbors will hear you——

SWIFT. I don't care about the neighbors——

SAM. Well, I do; keep quiet, the servants——

SWIFT. I'm not thinking about the servants, I'm——

SAM. (*SAM takes watch from pocket, dangles it before SWIFT*) Look what I've got, look.

SWIFT. (*Stamps his feet*) I don't want it, I don't want it. (*SAM goes up L., looks off to see if anyone has heard them. SWIFT paces up and down crying.*) Oh, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Harrington, tell me, what am I going to do? (*SAM comes down c. to SWIFT, laughing loudly to try and cover his noise.*) Oh, don't laugh, don't laugh.

SAM. Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! (*Frightens*

SWIFT *into silence; he stops crying.*) Anyone to look at you would know you were a horse thief.

(Loud explosion off stage. They both jump. SAM turns and runs up c. and exits, talking ad lib.)

SWIFT. *(Runs up R. Stops, runs back to table and grabs drink. Starts to drink it. The phone bell rings, startles him and he speaks into glass.)* Hello! *(Puts down glass, picks up phone.)* Hello? What? What? You don't say? Yes, I'm sorry too. *(Hangs up receiver.)* Good-bye. *(LARRY enters up L. and watches SWIFT. SWIFT picks up tray and again starts to drink, sees LARRY, puts glass behind his back, holds out the empty tray to LARRY.)* Did you ring, sir?

LARRY. No. *(Points to drink.)* What is that?

SWIFT. *(Looking at tray)* That? *(Sees that LARRY is pointing to drink, brings it out from behind his back and puts it on tray.)* Oh, that? That's whiskey, sir, I thought perhaps you might—er—it's getting a little chilly—Mr. Harrington might——

LARRY. Swift, have you been drinking?

SWIFT. *(Assuming a dignified manner)* Mam—er—sir. I never drink. *(Turns and runs off R., answering an imaginary call.)* Coming, sir; coming, sir, coming. *(Exits. LARRY crosses to R. and stands above chair L. of table, looking after SWIFT.)*

ALEC. *(Calling from off stage)* Peggy! Peggy! *(Enters up c., followed by SAM, who crosses down extreme R.)* Peggy!

(PEGGY enters up L., followed by MRS. CHADWICK and OLLIE. OLLIE goes down extreme L. MRS. CHADWICK goes down L. and stands behind settee.)

PEGGY. *(Going to ALEC)* Yes, Alec?

ALEC. (*Putting his arm around her*) Now don't get excited, Peggy, but Bountiful's been stolen.

(PEGGY screams. *General ad lib from all, "What?" etc.* SWIFT enters up R. and comes down R. of SAM. MAY enters up L.)

MAY. What is it?

PEGGY. Bountiful's been stolen. (*She puts her head on ALEC's shoulder, sobbing.* SWIFT and SAM look at each other, both terribly nervous and frightened.)

MAY. What? (*She goes down L. and sits.*)

ALEC. (*To PEGGY*) Now take it easy, dear, we'll never leave a stone unturned to get to the bottom of this. I've wired to New York for detectives.

(SWIFT takes key from his pocket, slips it into SAM's hand and runs off up R. SAM has business of not knowing what to do with it.)

PEGGY. Have you looked everywhere for her?

ALEC. Of course I've looked everywhere.

OLLIE. Well, I can't understand anyone around here stealing a horse.

(SAM lifts up table-throw and starts to hide key under it. LARRY turns and catches him. SAM quickly puts key behind back.)

LARRY. (*Looking suspiciously at SAM*) Well, I can. (*Crosses to him.*) This is some cheap trick to interfere with the race.

SAM. Yes, it's terrible, and I had my heart set on riding Bountiful tomorrow.

LARRY. Yes; I'll bet you're terribly disappointed.

SAM. Of course I'm disappointed. (*Takes jockey*

cap from table, holds it up.) There's my hat all ready, and everything.

PERKINS. (*Calling from off stage*) Mr. Fairfax! (*Enters up c., comes down to ALEC.*) Mr. Fairfax.

ALEC. What is it, Perkins?

PERKINS. I've found Bountiful.

ALEC. Found Bountiful? Where?

SAM. In the winter stable, where do you suppose—— (*Realizes what he has said, claps hand over his mouth. All look at him, puzzled and suspicious.*)

PERKINS. Yes, that's where I found her, in the winter stable. (*Goes up c.*)

PEGGY. Isn't that wonderful?

(*General ad lib from all. PEGGY goes down L. and talks to OLLIE and MAY. ALEC crosses to MRS. CHADWICK, they talk.*)

LARRY. (*Watching SAM, more suspicious than ever*) Yes, wonderful.

OLLIE. I wonder who put Bountiful in the winter stable.

LARRY. Yes, possibly Mr. Harrington can tell us.

PEGGY. (*Turning*) Mr. Harrington?

SAM. (*Crossing to PEGGY*) Yes, I can tell you. I put Bountiful in the winter stable. (*Holds up key.*) And there's the key to prove it.

LARRY. Well, why did you do that?

SAM. (*Turning to LARRY*) So that you couldn't harm her and prevent me winning the race tomorrow for Miss Fairfax.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *A hillside clearing. The following day.*

AT RISE: PEGGY is discovered seated L. of table. OLLIE stands up L. looking through pair of field-glasses. LARRY stands in back seat of car, ALEC in front seat, both are in jockey suits, ALEC wears white, with blue cross-bars and red cap. LARRY wears orange, with red cross-bars and green cap. MAY stands on running-board of car. All are looking off up L. in direction of the race course. After a slight pause, OLLIE crosses down R., puts field-glasses on table.

OLLIE. Wonderful day for the race, isn't it?

ALEC. Great.

OLLIE. Have a drink, boys?

ALEC. Not me.

LARRY. Well, I will. (LARRY, ALEC and MAY get down from car and come down L. of table.)

OLLIE. It's too bad Bountiful is out of condition.

LARRY. Well, who's fault is that? It's Harrington's, isn't it?

OLLIE. Apparently, yes. That's what I can't understand, how a great horseman like Harrington could leave a barrel of apples and a bucket of water right where the mare could get at it—and did. (Hands LARRY a highball and takes one himself. The drinks have been poured before the curtain, he has only added seltzer.)

LARRY. (Holding up his glass) Well, here's to the race.



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OLLIE. (*Raises his glass*) And in the interest of sport, may the best man win.

LARRY. Thank you. (*Drinks. All laugh.*)

ALEC. (*Laughing*) Oh, you don't say?

OLLIE. Have you seen Mr. Harrington, Peggy?

PEGGY. Not since last night.

LARRY. That was a pretty dirty trick, interfering with your mare.

PEGGY. Don't, Larry.

OLLIE. Alec, have you seen Mr. Harrington?

ALEC. No, but I do know he's feeling pretty rotten.

LARRY. Good.

ALEC. You don't like him, do you, Larry?

LARRY. I do *not*.

ALEC. Peggy, dear, I'm awfully sorry Bountiful can't start today.

PEGGY. Please don't speak of it.

LARRY. The only thing I'm sorry about is that I'm not going to ride against this faker.

PEGGY. Larry!

MAY. What do you mean, Larry; what is it you know about Mr. Harrington?

LARRY. I've known all along he wasn't going to ride Bountiful.

PEGGY. How could you know that?

LARRY. Mrs. Chadwick told me. At least she told me she didn't wish him to, which comes to the same thing.

PEGGY. I don't believe it.

LARRY. No? Well, you will believe it before the day is over. (*Crosses up L. and leans against fence, drinking.*)

ALEC. Well, I think it's a shame. (*Crosses up L. and stands talking to LARRY in Pantomime.*)

OLLIE. (*To PEGGY*) I know you had your heart set on winning the cup.

PEGGY. Yes, but it wasn't to be—just a break

against me, that's all. Just racing luck, you know. So please don't let's say anything more about it.

OLLIE. (*Leaning over the back of her chair and putting his arms about her*) Well, that's a mighty big way of looking at it, but I know it's a great disappointment to you just the same.

PEGGY. (*Unable to control herself any longer, bursts into tears. Rises and goes to MAY, who puts her arms around her and tries to comfort her*) Oh, Ollie, Ollie, please don't.

MAY. (*Leads PEGGY down L.*) Ollie, don't talk to her. (*They both exit down L., PEGGY in tears and MAY trying to comfort her.*)

OLLIE. (*Follows them down L. Turns to ALEC and LARRY*) I wish you fellows would keep your mouths shut.

ALEC. Why, I didn't say anything.

LARRY. You were the one that made her cry.

(*All exit down R. talking ad lib. SWIFT enters down R., looks about, goes to table and pours himself a drink. PERKINS enters up L., crosses down C. and stands watching SWIFT.*)

PERKINS. What kind of a job do you call that?

SWIFT. A very good one, I should say.

PERKINS. Do you think you can do it alone, or would you like to hire an assistant?

SWIFT. Meaning yourself?

PERKINS. Yes.

SWIFT. Well, are you a good, first-class drinker?

PERKINS. I have some very good references from my last place.

SWIFT. (*Pouring PERKINS a drink*) Yes, but nowadays servants don't have references—they have preferences. (*Puts PERKINS' drink on L. side of table. Pours himself one. They both sit. PERKINS L. and SWIFT R. of table.*) Hooray.

PERKINS. Hooray. (*Both drink.*) Have a cigarette? (*Offering him one from package he takes from his pocket.*)

SWIFT. No, thanks, I prefer my own. (*Takes cigarette from humidor on table.*) Mr. Perkins, what's this I hear about Sam being indisposed?

PERKINS. Who said so? (*Lights cigarette.*)

SWIFT. Alec. (*Lights cigarette.*) Yes, he was just here and I heard him tell Ollie, and Larry, that Sam wasn't a bit fit.

PERKINS. Mr. Swift, I've half a mind to tell you something about Sam.

SWIFT. Mr. Perkins, what I know about Sam I'm not at liberty to say.

PERKINS. Last night, you mean?

SWIFT. What do you know about last night?

PERKINS. Didn't I hear him slipping into our stable at three o'clock this morning, with that old roan horse from the Academy, and the horse sweating like he'd been at it all night.

SWIFT. Sh! Shut up. (*Rises, looks about to make sure they are alone, comes back and leans over back of table.*) Now remember, Perkins, I don't want you to breathe a word of this to Peggy, or May.

PERKINS. No, the girls won't get a word out of me.

SWIFT. (*Goes R. of table and sits*) It was I who got Sam that horse.

PERKINS. You?

SWIFT. Yes. Sam was a bit nervous last night, poor chap, he asked my advice and—well, I arranged the matter for him. You know I've taken quite a fancy to Sam.

PERKINS. Yes, Sam's all right.

SWIFT. Yes. Good skate. Stand another?

PERKINS. Yes. (*SWIFT pushes bottle toward him.*) No, no. This is on me.

SWIFT. Don't be silly, this is mine.

PERKINS. (*Pours drink, passes bottle to SWIFT, who pours himself another drink*) Sam's as sly as they make 'em. They all think he ain't seen this course, and don't know the jumps, but you don't catch an old one like him that way. He steals out in the middle of the night. (*Holds up glass.*) Well, hooray.

SWIFT. Hooray. (*SAM enters up R., comes down back of table, as they are about to drink he speaks.*)

SAM. Did you ring, sir? (*They both jump, almost choke, put glasses down, SWIFT runs off down R.*)

PERKINS. (*Running off down R.*) I beg your pardon, sir, I beg your pardon. (*He exits. PEGGY enters down L., followed by LARRY. They cross to C.*)

LARRY. Well, how is America's greatest, and gamest, gentleman rider?

SAM. You look all right. How do you feel?

LARRY. Oh, I feel great. How do you feel?

SAM. All right.

LARRY. I thought perhaps you'd be a bit sore after your spill over the wall with the Hottentot.

PEGGY. Larry, pardon me, I'd like a minute with Mr. Harrington.

LARRY. (*Crossing down L.*) All right, I'll leave you alone with your marvelous rider. (*Turns.*) Well, Peggy, I may not see you before the race. Aren't you going to wish me anything?

PEGGY. (*Crosses to him and gives him her hand*) Yes, Larry, I wish you all kinds of luck.

SAM. So do I. *All kinds.*

LARRY. (*Glares at SAM*) Thank you, Peggy. (*Exits down L.*)

SAM. (*Crosses to her*) May I have a minute with you, Miss Fairfax?

PEGGY. Yes, but before you say anything, Mr. Harrington, I want to tell you that I don't blame you

in the least for anything that happened last night. Whatever you did I know was done from the best of motives.

SAM. Before you say anything more, Miss Fairfax, I want to tell you something, and what I've got to tell you is the toughest thing I've ever had to do in my life. Now, I'm not the man you think I am at all, I'm the other fellow, the one out west, the one that lost his nerve. When I came here I didn't know you were so fond of horses. and when I did find it out I was too much in love with you to tell you the truth—but I'm going to tell you the truth now. I did give you my word I'd ride Bountiful, and then I hadn't nerve enough to go through with it. That's why Bountiful was hidden, so I wouldn't have to ride her. That's why I bought the Hottentot, so I wouldn't have to ride him. Ever since that accident out west I've had a yellow streak in me that I'm going to get rid of right now. I'm going to ride in this race, and I'm going to ride your horse, and in your colors.

PEGGY. Bountiful?

SAM. No. The Hottentot.

PEGGY. But the Hottentot isn't my horse.

SAM. He is now, and I'm going to try and win with him.

PEGGY. What?

SAM. I'm either going to make you look up to me and say "Good boy, Sam"—or look down at me and say, "Doesn't he look natural."

PEGGY. I can't let you take this risk for me, Mr. Harrington.

SAM. You haven't got anything to do with it now, Miss Fairfax, I've made up my mind. Didn't you tell me to keep jumping on a horse until I got my nerve back again?

PEGGY. Yes.

SAM. Well, if I don't get it back on the Hotten-

tot, I don't want it—it's no good. (*He crosses down R.*)

PEGGY. Mr. Harrington. (*He stops, she crosses to him. Giving him her hand.*) I wish you all the luck in the world.

SAM. Thank you. I'll need it

(*He exits down R. MRS. CHADWICK enters up R., followed by CAPTAIN REGGIE TOWNSEND; he is in uniform.*)

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Crossing to C.*) Come on, Reggie, do hurry, please. (*OLLIE and MAY enter down L. Cross to MRS. CHADWICK.*)

REGGIE. Right behind you, dear.

MRS. CHADWICK. Hello, Ollie, May, Peggy. (*An ad lib greeting from all.*)

OLLIE. I wondered if you were going to get here in time.

MRS. CHADWICK. You don't think I'd miss this perfectly priceless race. Mr. Gilford, Mrs. Gilford and Miss Fairfax; may I present General——

REGGIE. (*Correcting her*) Captain!

MRS. CHADWICK. Of course. Captain Reggie Townsend, of the three-hundred and thirty-third Aero Squadron, Y. M. C. A.

REGGIE. Not Y. M. C. A. C.M., M.M., D.S.M.

MRS. CHADWICK. Of course, C.M., M.M., D.A.M.

REGGIE. Carol. Not D.A.M. Can't you remember——

MRS. CHADWICK. No. I can't.

REGGIE. Well, I can. I can remember who I am. (*To the others.*) I'm Captain Townsend. (*An ad lib greeting from all.*) I'm glad to know you all, I'll tell the world.

OLLIE. (*Crosses MRS. CHADWICK to REGGIE*) And I'm glad to know you; in fact, I'm proud to know you. (*They shake hands.*)

REGGIE. Thank you.

PEGGY. Of course you all know there's an added starter.

ALL. An added starter?

PEGGY. Yes, my horse, Hottentot.

OLLIE. The Hottentot? Your horse?

PEGGY. Yes.

OLLIE. Have you got a rider—he's a very dangerous horse?

REGGIE. I don't care how dangerous he is, I'll ride him.

MAY. Why, Ollie, I thought there was no one who dared to ride him.

PEGGY. (*Crosses in front of table, and sits L. of it*) No one does dare to ride him but my Sam—er, I mean my Sam Harrington—er, I mean *Mr.* Sam Harrington.

OLLIE. Mr. Harrington, eh?

PEGGY. Yes. The world's greatest, and gamest, gentleman rider. (*To MRS. CHADWICK.*) Harrington, S.A.M. (*All laugh.*)

OLLIE. I always knew he was a smart horseman. Now I know why he hid Bountiful.

MRS. CHADWICK. So he could ride the Hottentot, it's plain enough to me.

MAY. Well, he has courage. I'll say that for him.

MRS. CHADWICK. And I'll say he's gone completely "cookoo."

MAY. (*Notices wedding ring on MRS. CHADWICK'S hand. Holds it up*) Carol, what's this?

MRS. CHADWICK. Now, isn't that perfectly poisonous of me. I knew there was something I'd forgotten to tell you.

ALL. What is it?

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Pointing to REGGIE*) This is my husband.

ALL. What?

REGGIE. Yes, we were married this morning, I'll tell the world.

(PEGGY crosses to MRS. CHADWICK and the girls congratulate her, OLLIE congratulates REGGIE.)

OLLIE. (*Shaking REGGIE's hand*) So you're married, eh?

REGGIE. Yes.

OLLIE. What's the matter, didn't you get enough fighting on the other side?

REGGIE. (*Laughs*) No.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Who has been listening*) What? (*All laugh. Bugle call is heard off stage L.*)

OLLIE. We'd better go down and wish the boys luck.

(*All except OLLIE exit down L. talking ad lib. He starts to follow. SWIFT and PERKINS enter down R.*)

PERKINS. (*Running across to fence up L.*) Come on, Mr. Swift, I've got a great place to watch the race. (*Climbs up on bottom rail of fence.*)

SWIFT. (*Running after him*) Aren't you clever. That happens to be my place; so get out of there. (*Pulls him off the fence.*)

OLLIE. Swift!

SWIFT. That's all right, sir; this is my place, and I'm going to watch the race from here.

OLLIE. Will you please stop quarreling?

SWIFT. I'm not quarreling, sir; but this person, this foreigner——

PERKINS. Foreigner?

SWIFT. Yes, foreigner!

OLLIE. Swift, now you listen to me——

SWIFT. No, Mr. Gilford, the time has come when you must listen to me. I am a butler, sir, but I



wasn't always a butler. I was a janitor of one of the largest apartment houses in Brooklyn, and——

OLLIE. Will you please stop quarreling, for my sake, *please?*

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

OLLIE. Thank you. (*Gives a sigh of relief.*)

SWIFT. You're welcome. And hereafter I'm going to stand on my own rights. (*He climbs up on rail of fence, it breaks with him and he falls to the ground.*)

PERKINS. (*Laughs at him*) Go ahead and stand on your own rights, I'll find another place, etc. (*He exits down L. talking ad lib. OLLIE follows. SAM enters down R., carrying small leather grip, which he places behind table.*)

SAM. Swift, I want you to help me. (*Comes down C. and starts to unbutton his trousers.*)

SWIFT. (*Crossing to him*) Yes, sir.

SAM. Pull these trousers off. (*He pulls them down and sits L. of table.*)

SWIFT. Oh, Mr. Harrington. (*Looks about, embarrassed.*)

SAM. It's all right; go on, pull them off.

SWIFT. All right, sir.

(*SWIFT stoops down and starts to pull them off, the left leg first.*)

SAM. Listen, the right foot first with me, always.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Pulls trousers off and puts them across back of chair R. of table. SAM removes his coat and muffler, hands them to SWIFT, who places them with trousers. SAM is dressed in jockey clothes. SWIFT notices it for the first time.*) Mr. Harrington, what are you doing with those things on?

SAM. I'm going to ride in the race today. I'm going to ride for Miss Fairfax.

SWIFT. But Bountiful isn't in condition.

SAM. I know all about that, she's full of apples. I'm going to ride the Hottentot. (SWIFT groans.) Stop that! Where's my grip?

SWIFT. (*Pointing to it*) Right there, sir.

SAM. Are my riding boots in it?

SWIFT. I don't know, sir.

SAM. Will you look and see?

SWIFT. (*Looks in grip*) Yes, sir, the boots are there.

SAM. Well, you won't break any of your union rules if you get them out and give them to me, will you?

SWIFT. No, sir. (SAM sits L. of table. SWIFT gets the boots, comes down, kneels, and starts to take off SAM's shoes, the left first.)

SAM. Right, right. The right foot first.

SWIFT. I beg your pardon, sir, I forgot. (*Takes right shoe off.*)

SAM. (*Puts his foot on the ground, lifts it up*) What is that I'm standing in, whiskey, or dew?

SWIFT. (*Touches ground with his fingers, then smells them*) That's dew, sir. (*Takes left shoe off, starts to put on the left boot, SAM stops him.*)

SAM. Now listen, which is your right hand?

SWIFT. This one, sir. (*Holds it up.*)

SAM. Now, which is my right foot?

SWIFT. (*Puts his hand on SAM's left foot*) This one—er—(*Quickly changes it to his right foot.*)—this one.

SAM. Well, of course, with two guesses you ought to get it right. (*Sees pin on the ground, picks it up. As he is putting it in his blouse he notices some salt spilled on the table. He throws it over his left shoulder. SWIFT watches him.*)

SWIFT. You are superstitious?

SAM. Yes, very (*Putting on his boots.*)

SWIFT. (*Sighs*) Oh, dear, oh, dear.

SAM. What are you oh, dearing about?

SWIFT. Nothing, sir; I was just wondering how you dare ride today.

SAM. Why today?

SWIFT. Friday, the thirteenth.

SAM. Is this Friday, the thirteenth?

SWIFT. Yes, sir.

SAM. Are you sure?

SWIFT. Yes, sir, it's my brother Sam's birthday. (*Sighs.*) Oh, oh, oh.

SAM. Do you know the words of that? (*SWIFT rises to his feet, crosses up behind table and starts arranging SAM's clothes on chair. SAM gets up, looks himself over.*) I've forgotten something.

SWIFT. (*Thinks a moment*) Spurs?

SAM. Spurs? For the Hottentot? One click and I'd be on another horse. (*Thinks a moment.*) Cap, the cap.

SWIFT. Yes, sir. (*Gets cap from grip, puts it on SAM, it goes down over his eyes.*)

SAM. Now look what you've done. (*Gropes for SWIFT.*) Where are you?

SWIFT. (*Behind him trying to straighten cap*) Right here, sir. (*Adjusts cap.*)

SAM. Where's my whip?

SWIFT. (*Picks up grip, looks in it, takes out whip without knowing it. It is a child's whip, about a foot and a half long, with a whistle in the end.*) No whip here, sir.

SAM. There it is in your hand.

SWIFT. (*Puts bag down, holds up the whip*) Whip?

SAM. (*Taking it*) Yes. I'm not going to hit the Hottentot with it. It's a trick. If any of the other horses get near me—— (*He blows two sharp blasts on the whistle.*) Frighten them.

PERKINS. (*Calling off stage L.*) Announcement. Added sarter, Mr. Sam Harrington rides the Hottentot, No. 13. (*He walks up stage, voice growing fainter.*) Announcement. Added starter, Mr. Sam Harrington rides the Hottentot, No. 13. (*SAM and SWIFT look at each other. SWIFT shakes his head.*)

SAM. How do I look?

SWIFT. You look fine, sir. But you can see for yourself, I'll give you the mirror. (*As he takes mirror from grip he strikes it against table, it breaks. SAM rushes for him, SWIFT retreats.*) It was an accident, sir; I'm sorry, sir; it was an accident.

SAM. Did I ask you for a mirror?

SWIFT. No, sir, but the mirror was in the bag, and you asked me how you looked, and I thought you'd like to look for yourself.

SAM. Look for myself?

SWIFT. I mean, see for yourself. I'm very sorry, sir. (*Sighs.*) I would break a mirror just before the race?

SAM. Yes, you would.

SWIFT. I feel terribly about it, sir, I did the very same thing just before my poor brother Sam was——

(*SAM picks up chair and starts to go for him, SWIFT cries out in fright and runs off down R. SAM goes to table and gets cigarette, he is very nervous and his hand trembles so that he has to hold the match with both hands. Lights cigarette. LARRY enters down L.*)

LARRY. So you're going to ride the Hottentot?

SAM. Yes.

LARRY. Well, I'd give a good deal to see you on that horse.

SAM. How much would you give?

LARRY. Just to show what I think of you, I'll bet

you a hundred dollars you don't dare get on the Hottentot and go to the starting post.

SAM. Make it five hundred?

LARRY. Yes, I'd give that much to see you make a fool of yourself.

SAM. I can see you do it for nothing. I'll take that bet, five hundred.

LARRY. Yes, and if I thought you had the nerve to try it, I'd bet you five hundred to a hundred that you'd never get over the first jump.

SAM. I'll take that one, too.

LARRY. Yes, and I'll bet you a thousand to a hundred that you never get to the finish.

SAM. I'll take all three bets.

LARRY. And remember that other little bet I have with you.

SAM. I'll remember it. *You* remember it. You don't have to remind me. It isn't so little, five thousand dollars.

LARRY. Yes, don't forget that. (*Shakes his finger in SAM's face.*)

SAM. I won't. (*Shakes his finger in LARRY's face.*)

LARRY. You didn't think I'd bet that much. (*Repeats business.*)

SAM. I didn't think you had that much. (*Repeats business.*) You're a little bit peeved with me, aren't you?

LARRY. Well, under the conditions you can't expect me to think very much of you.

SAM. No, I know you couldn't.

LARRY. I couldn't what?

SAM. Think very much. And under what conditions? What have I ever done to you? Why are you so sore at me?

LARRY. Well, for several reasons, the principal one is that I'm very fond of Miss Fairfax.

SAM. So am I.

LARRY. And that was a pretty nasty crack you made at me last night.

SAM. About Bountiful?

LARRY. Yes.

SAM. Well, I apologized for that.

LARRY. Yes, you apologized, but you've got such a twisted sense of humor I couldn't tell whether you were apologizing, or rubbing it in.

SAM. Well, then I'll tell you—I was.

LARRY. You're clever on and off a horse, aren't you?

SAM. On and off, yes. On and off.

LARRY. (*Crossing to him, they stand face to face*) Well, I'm going to give you a little advice. You keep away from Miss Fairfax, because if you don't I'm going to stick a prong into you, and turn it around. And I want to tell you something else—— (*Doubles up his fist, SAM grabs it.*)

SAM. And I want to tell you something; I don't know anything about my chances with Miss Fairfax, but I'm not going to discuss them with you.

LARRY. Well, I'm going to discuss them with you. I want you to clear out of here; I'm coming back here after the race, and if you're still here——

SAM. I'll be here, but if you say another word to me I'll break your neck.

LARRY. What?

SAM. Yes, I'd do it right now, only I don't want to spoil the race.

LARRY. Are you trying to pick a fight with me?

SAM. No, I wouldn't fight with you here.

LARRY. Why not?

SAM. You haven't got anyone here to pull me off of you.

LARRY. (*Crossing L.*) Well, I'll see you after the race.

SAM. I hope so. (*Bugle call heard off L.*)

LARRY. Do you know what that is?

SAM. Fish man, isn't it?

LARRY. No, they're calling the horses to the post.

SAM. Without the riders? They're starting the thing all wrong.

LARRY. They're calling the riders, too.

SAM. Then let them play something I know. I don't know anything about music.

LARRY. (*Crossing up L. to fence*) Well, come on. I want to see you get on this horse. Come on, this is the short cut. (*He vaults over the fence, and exits. Calls from off stage.*) Come on, Harrington, I want to see you get on that Hottentot!

SAM. (*Crosses up L. to fence, prepared to vault it, backs up to take a running jump, swings his arms and strikes his hand on car. Crosses down R. to table, takes his cap off and feels his head. Looks about, then takes napkins from table, puts them in his cap and puts cap on. Goes back to fence and starts to vault it. Bugle call heard off L. SAM blows whistle on his whip, looks about again, backs up to fence, puts his hands on top rail and jumps, pretending to have vaulted it. Exits.*)

SWIFT. (*Enters down R. Goes to chair and starts picking up SAM's clothes. Talks, half to himself*) Oh, dear, and he was such a nice man, too. (*Sighs.*) He was mighty good to me. (*Puts clothes over his arm, picks up grip, sighs.*) Ah, well, in the midst of life—— (*Holds up SAM's trousers and measures them.*) They'll be a little too long, I'm afraid.

(*Bugle call off L. SWIFT exits down R. OLLIE enters down L. followed by MRS. CHADWICK, REGGIE, MAY and PEGGY.*)

OLLIE. (*Crossing up to car*) We'd better hurry, folks, I wouldn't miss the start of this race for anything in the world. (*He opens doors of car. The*

others are all talking ad lib.) Listen, everybody, as Mr. Harrington's going to ride today I'd better do a little rooting. You know I bet Crawford a thousand dollars that Harrington would beat him.

MRS. CHADWICK. Are you betting on Mr. Harrington to win this race?

OLLIE. Yes.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*Turns to MAY*) Do you mind if I take a little money from your husband?

MAY. No, I wish I could.

MRS. CHADWICK. (*To OLLIE*) Would you like to bet another thousand?

OLLIE. I would.

MRS. CHADWICK. You're on. (*To MAY.*) How about you, May, would you like to bet a thousand?

MAY. Not on Mr. Harrington.

PEGGY. I'll bet you a thousand.

MRS. CHADWICK. All right, you're both on.

REGGIE. I don't know much about this race, but I'd like to make a little bet.

MRS. CHADWICK. No, no, sergeant.

REGGIE. Sergeant?

MRS. CHADWICK. Well, corporal, then.

REGGIE. Not corporal, *captain*.

MRS. CHADWICK. All right then, captain But only in the army, in this family I'm captain.

REGGIE. Thanks, captain. (*Laughs, salutes her. Bugle call off L. All climb into car talking ad lib.*)

MRS. CHADWICK, PEGGY and REGGIE in the back seat, OLLIE in the front seat, and MAY on the running board on the up-stage side of car.)

REGGIE. Mr. Gilford, is this a good spot to watch the race from?

OLLIE. Oh, yes, I always watch the race from here, because I love to see the finish. Those that finish, finish the other side of that fence, not more than twenty feet away. (*PEGGY, MAY and OLLIE*

have field-glasses. All look off up L. in the direction of the course.)

PEGGY. There are the horses going to the post now.

OLLIE. Oh, yes. Where's Alec?

MAY. There he is, can't you see him? White, blue cross-bars, and red cap.

OLLIE. Oh, yes, doesn't he look fine.

ALL. Fine. Great, etc. (*Ad lib.*)

PEGGY. Where's Mr. Harrington?

OLLIE. Ned Hatch's horse looks fit, too.

PEGGY. I know, but where's Mr. Harrington?

MAY. Next to Ned Hatch is Larry Crawford on Cannon Ball.

PEGGY. I know, but where's Mr. Harrington?

MRS. CHADWICK. Who's the coming up last?

OLLIE. That's Mr. Harrington.

REGGIE. It's a corking sight, I'll tell the world.

OLLIE. Look sharp!

ALL. (*After a count of ten*) *They're off!*

REGGIE. (*After a slight pause*) That's a good start.

OLLIE. They got away well. (*A long pause. PEGGY screams.*)

REGGIE. (*To PEGGY*) What is it?

PEGGY. The Hottentot! (*She climbs down out of car, stares front, unable to watch the race.*)

OLLIE. Harrington's down!

MAY. No, he isn't!

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, Ollie, what is it?

OLLIE. The Hottentot refused the first jump, and Harrington just managed to stay on. He's sitting on his neck. Well, that's the end of him.

MRS. CHADWICK. What did you expect?

MAY. Good boy, Alec! Look, Alec's going to the front!

OLLIE. Going to the front nothing, Niblick's running away with him.

MAY. Look at them go at the pickets, look, look!

REGGIE. Alec's getting his horse under control now.

PEGGY. Ollie, what's become of the Hottentot?

OLLIE. He finally did get over the first jump, about twenty lengths behind. He's out of it, but he's going along all right now.

REGGIE. It's getting faster.

OLLIE. Hello, Cannon Ball's moved up a bit. *Look out!*

PEGGY. What is it, Ollie?

OLLIE. Onyx refused the board fence, and Billy Latimer went over alone.

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh, why don't they have Steeplechases without fences?

REGGIE. Look at that Hottentot, will you!

OLLIE. By Jove, that's so. When he wants to, he certainly can go. Look at him! The Hottentot's going like an express train.

PEGGY. Is he very far behind?

OLLIE. About fifteen lengths, he hasn't a look-in, but he's going just the same.

PEGGY. Who's leading?

OLLIE. Alec, about a length ahead. Cannon Ball's second, then Challenge, and then the field.

REGGIE. The field's very well bunched, I'll tell the world!

MRS. CHADWICK. Isn't it thrilling?

REGGIE. Hello! The Hottentot's moving up there!

OLLIE. What do you know about that, look at that devil go. Look, look!

PEGGY. What is it, Ollie?

OLLIE. The Hottentot, he's going like greased lightning. He's gaining on them fast. He's caught up with Wayward. He's by him. (*A sharp cry from all, MRS. CHADWICK and MAY scream.*)

PEGGY. What is it?

OLLIE. Alec almost fell at the stone wall.

MAY. He's all right, though!

OLLIE. There goes Cannon Ball, Larry's passed Alec.

PEGGY. Where's the Hottentot now?

OLLIE. He's in fourth place now, coming up to Challenge. He's overtaking him. He's passed him! (PEGGY *climbs up on the running board and watches the race.*) He's in third place now and hot after Alec.

MAY. Go on, Alec! Look out! Look out!

REGGIE. That's some race he's running, that Hottentot, I'll tell the world!

OLLIE. The Hottentot's got Alec; he's got him!

MAY. He's passed him!

OLLIE. He's overhauling Cannon Ball. He's got him! Oh, you Hottentot!

MRS. CHADWICK. Oh!

OLLIE. Go it, Hottentot! Go it, Hottentot!

REGGIE. They're coming to the water jump!

OLLIE. Look at the Hottentot take that water jump! (*Waving his cap.*) A race, a race. By Jove, it's a race. (*All commence to yell "Hottentot, Hottentot." Crowd off stage takes it up.*) The Hottentot wins!

(*All cheer and commence talking at once. SWIFT, PERKINS and CELISE enter up L., waving their hats and cheering, they exit down L. All climb down from car, laughing and talking ad lib. Congratulate PEGGY and then exit down L., leaving PEGGY alone on stage. Cheers are kept up off stage. After a slight pause SAM enters, he has lost his cap, his hair is awry, and his blouse is pulled out of his trousers. He carries the trophy cup to which PEGGY's colors have been tied. He staggers over to PEGGY, hands*

her the cup, then leans up against the car, exhausted.)

PEGGY. (*Clasping the cup to her*) You've won the race.

SAM. (*Tries to speak, can't, nods. After a pause*) We got off to a pretty bad start, but when the Hottentot gets going he's some horse—I'll tell the world.

PEGGY. Sam.

SAM. Peggy. (*He crosses to her, they start to embrace, she still holds the cup. He throws his arms around her, bumps into the cup, almost falls backward. Takes cup and puts it on the ground. They embrace.*)

CURTAIN



"THE HOTTENTOT"

3rd Act

THE HOTTENTOT

Scene Plot.

Light Plot.

Property Plot.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Ground cloth.

Large rug.

Three small rugs, one in arch R., one in arch L., one in French window up C.

Fireplace, against wall R. Floor boards, grate, and-irons, fire-tongs, etc.

Davenport, facing fireplace, two pillows.

Davenport table, R.C.

Armchair, R. of table.

Straight chair, L. of table.

Straight chair, up L.C. near French windows.

Settee, down L.

Cabinet, against wall L.

Wicker settee, on porch, outside French windows.
Two pillows.

Flower-box and flowers, on porch rail, back of settee.

Velvet curtains, four pairs. One in arch up R. Three pairs in French windows.

Velvet valances, four. One in arch up R., one in center window, two in arches up L.

Lace curtains, three pairs, for French windows.

Small console table, in hallway up R. Bronze vase on table.

Trophy cups, seven. Three over fireplace, four on cabinet L.

THE HOTTENTOT

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HAND PROPS

ACT I

ON STAGE

- On table R. Telephone. Cigarette humidor and cigarettes.
- On table R. Ash tray and matches. Silver tray, on which are small decanter of "whiskey," high-ball glass and whiskey glass. Tap-bell.
- On cabinet L. Jockey blouse and cap. Large trophy cup. Sewing-basket, with needle, thread, thimble and scissors.
- Off stage L. Marble slab and horse effects. Horse's bridle. Horse hair. Cigar. Can of No. 14 powder, for dirt. Watch, for SAM.
- Off stage R. Small silver tray. Six whiskey glasses. Decanter of "whiskey." Five letters. Bottle of liniment. Mirror (small, hand). Whisk-broom. Comb. Pair of military brushes. Lady's riding crop. Two men's riding crops.

ACT TWO

SAME AS ACT I

Additional Hand Props

- On stage. Book, "Rules of Bridge." On table R.
- Off stage L. Bridge score pad and pencil.
- Off stage R. Beer-keg, for blasting effect. Shot-gun, for blasting effect. Two pocket notebooks and two pencils for LARRY and OLLIE. Wooden tea-tray, on which are sugar bowl filled with sugar. Two demi-tasse cups of coffee, two demi-tasse spoons, sugar tongs and two serviettes. Three bundles, odd sizes, for SWIFT. Newspaper.

THE HOTTENTOT

ACT III

Ground cloth.

Large grass mat, running across stage in "three."

Two smaller grass mats. One right. One left.

Touring car. Center stage facing down left, diagonally.

Six trees. Three left, two right, one up center.

Two vines for fence, left.

Folding-table down right center, with white cloth.

Two folding-chairs, one each side of table.

Auto lunch kit, with fittings. Against first wood wing right.

HAND PROPS

On table. Two bottle of "whiskey." Four whiskey glasses. Two highball glasses. Cigarette humidor and cigarettes (same as Act I). Ash-tray and matches. Three napkins. Salt and pepper shakers. One seltzer bottle. Iron brace under table, up stage side, for breaking mirror.

In car. Three pair of field-glasses, two in front seat, one in back seat.

Off stage R. Leather traveling bag, in which are SAM HARRINGTON's jockey boots, cap and whip. A child's whip, about a foot and a half long with a whistle in the end. A breakaway mirror, plain glass, broken each show.

Off stage L. Large trophy cup (Act I) with blue and white ribbons tied to it. Wedding ring for MRS. CHADWICK. Jockey whips for LARRY CRAWFORD and ALEC FAIRFAX.

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT I

Foots, amber and white, full up.

THE HOTTENTOT

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X-Ray border, amber, straw, pink.

Eight 1,000-watt hanging lamps in four. (On back drop.)

One 29-light strip behind ground-row. (On back drop center).

One 10-light strip behind porch railing.

One bunch-light in entrance up L.

One bunch-light in first entrance up R.

One 4-light strip in second entrance up R.

One 1,000-watt floor lamp on back drop R.

Two 1,000-watt floor lamps on back drop L.

On the scene. Telephone bell, in small window up c. Telephone battery-box, off stage R.

(The following not lighted until Act II.)

Three 2-light brackets on back wall of set.

Two Italian floor lamps, R. and L. of fireplace.

One 3-light hanging lamp in second entrance up R.

One 1-light hanging lamp in arch over entrance up L.

Two 3-light candlesticks on cabinet L. (Not wired.)

(All lights amber, unless otherwise noted.)

ACT II

Same as Act I. Light blue, in 1,000-watt floor lamps on back drop. Strips out. 1,000-watt hanging lamps out. All floor lamps, hanging lamps and brackets on scene lighted.

ACT III

Foots, white and amber, full up.

House borders full up.

X-Ray border in "one."

Four 1,000-watt hanging lamps in "two."

Four 1,000-watt hanging lamps in "three."

Eight 1,000-watt hanging lamps in "four." (Behind cut drop.)

One 1,000-watt floor lamp in each entrance, right and left. (Four each side.)

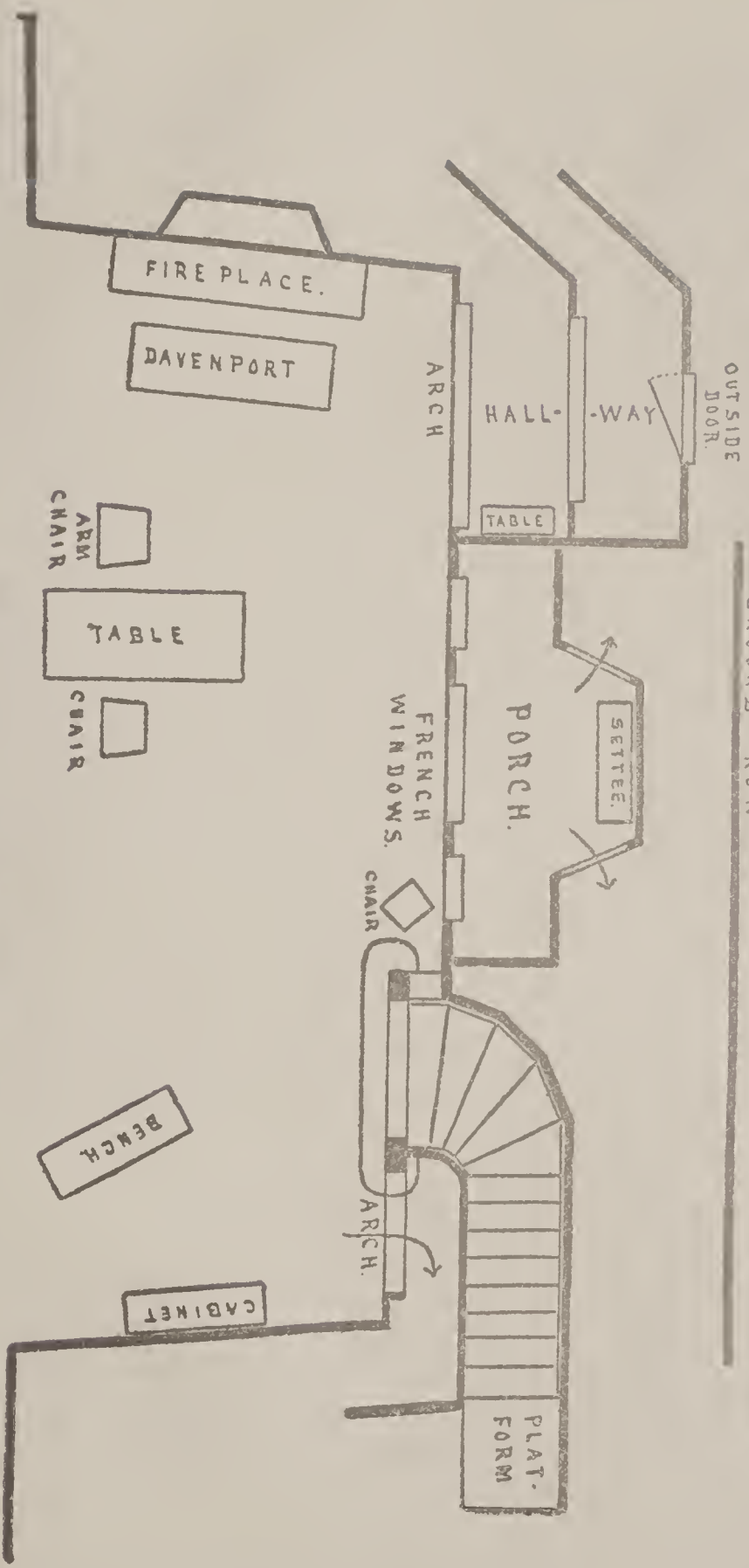
Two 20-light strips behind cut drop.

(All lights amber.)

SCENE DESIGN FOR
THE HOTTENTOT
ACTS IX & X

BACK DROP.

GROUND ROW

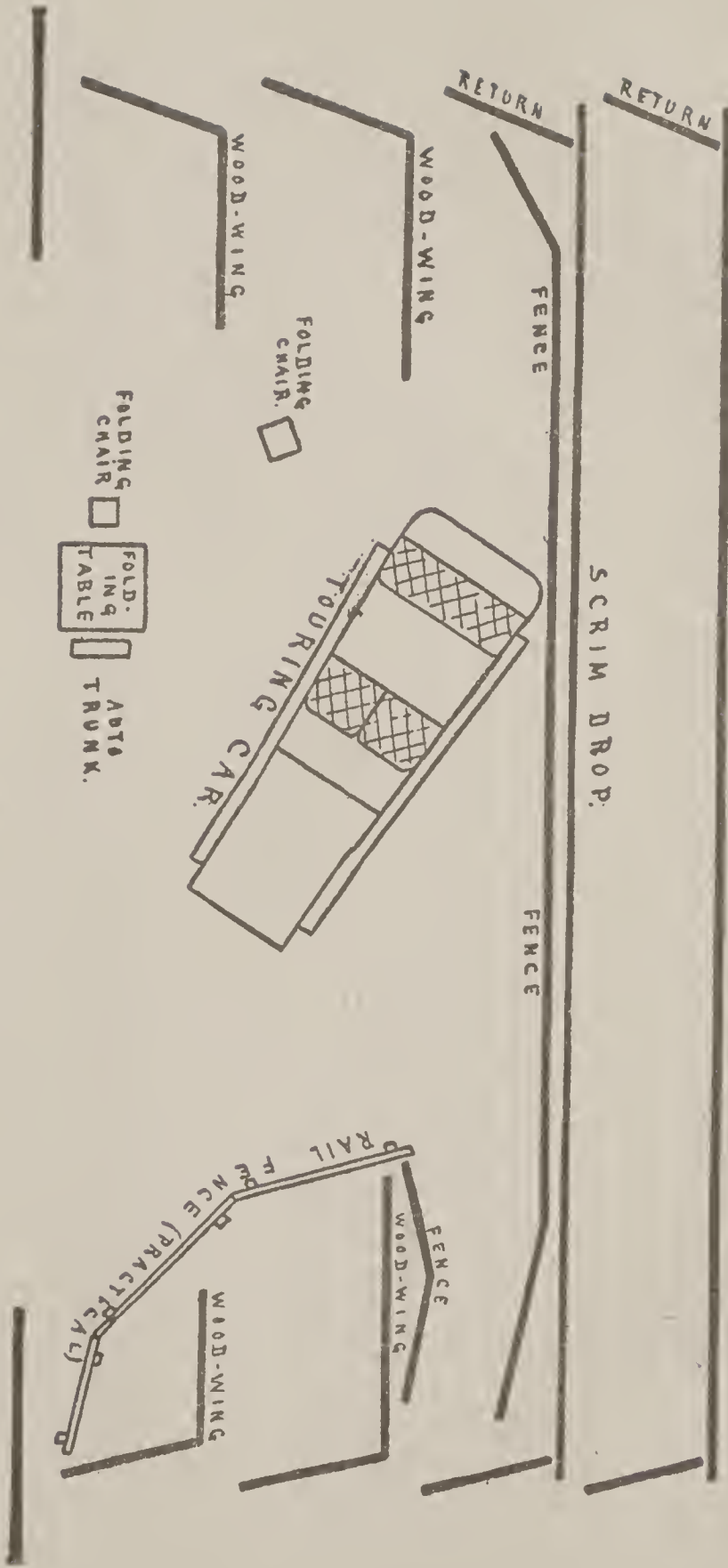


SETTING - ACTS IX & X

SCENE DESIGN FOR THE HOTTENTOT ACT III

BACK DROP

SCRIM DROP



SETTING - ACT 3

BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

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DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production, Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce.

Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, a gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

Price, 30 Cents.

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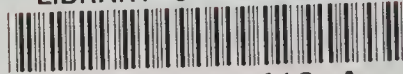
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